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NOTES.

THE Houses of Parliament had a memorable afternoon, on Tuesday, before rising for the Easter holiday. Ministers were to give an account of their conduct as regards China. Both Chambers were crowded with members and with visitors: more particularly the House of Commons, whither, to hear Mr. Balfour, Peers and Peeresses repaired as soon as the Duke of Devonshire had concluded his brief statement in the Lords. The Diplomats' Gallery was filled by representatives of the Great Powers. Elsewhere we set forth the gist of the statements made in behalf of the Government, and show that the Ministers altogether failed to free themselves from the suspicion that, having been taken by surprise in the Far East, they pursued a policy lacking in knowledge, nerve and continuity. England, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said of the Conservative Party, "longed for a little success," and the Government, it became clear on Tuesday, had not quite met her wish. It cannot be denied, however, that the statements left the impression that we had not failed quite so completely as had been feared. Mr. Balfour's speech, delivered with a great anxiety to rise to the occasion, which was grave, increased the esteem in which he is held by the House. The criticisms from the Front Opposition Bench—notably those of Sir Edward Grey—were considerate and dignified.

How much longer are a few wooden-headed officers to be permitted to make mischief and injure discipline by sentencing our soldiers, sailors, and mariners to imprisonment and loss of good conduct marks for wearing the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day? It is worn by Viceroy, Admirals, Generals, and Ministers of the Crown, and in these days of "territorialism" in the services, what could be more natural and proper than that men should be encouraged to wear any little bit of colour in which they take pride, and which will tend to make better and not worse soldiers of them? Of course it is "insubordination" to refuse to remove it when some martinet is stupid enough to give the order, and so the obstinate Celt is marched off to the cells, and then Mr. Willie Redmond has to be dragged from the House of Commons for protesting, and a world of trouble is caused to everybody about a trifle which sensible commanding officers encourage rather than discourage. Mr. Goschen promised to inquire into the naval case which occurred this year, and although nothing may be done or said in public, we hope that the officer to whom all the trouble is owing will get a sharp reprimand. But some of the red-tape departments that flourish in Whitehall might really find time to draft a circular on the subject that would make an end of an annual scandal.

China may for all practical purposes be "paralysed" as Mr. Balfour tells us, or she may be a "corpse" as

M. Hanotaux has it, but she certainly possesses some institutions whose working when they were possessed of some vitality must have been curiously interesting. How, for example, did the "public censors" carry out their functions? We were reminded of them this week by the announcement that one of these censors had formally impeached Li Hung-Chang on a charge of treason and venality, and had demanded his execution, offering to forfeit his own head if he failed to make good his charges. Li's well-lined purse and his ancient cunning will no doubt be more than a match for the Chinese Zola with his "j'accuse," but it is quite possible that at one time these censors, who were officially recognised, represented an organized and effective public opinion. They had members in the capital and in every province possessing the right to attend all public boards and councils, to criticise the officials and their proposals and to make counter proposals of their own. For this purpose they possessed the right of access to the Emperor. Even an American newspaper editor has no such powers.

It is seldom that a newspaper is other than pleased when its statements are borne out by later incidents; but we confess to a feeling of extreme regret to find how accurate was our paragraph of some weeks ago with regard to Mr. Gladstone's health. We then gave the information, derived from a perfectly trustworthy authority, that Mr. Gladstone's "neuralgia" was cancer or necrosis of the nose—in either case quite incurable. Naturally the "Daily News" contradicted us, preferring the rash denial of Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law to our perfectly accurate announcement. More recently the "Lancet" and the "British Medical Journal" backed that announcement, and now every one knows that the only reason why an operation has not been performed on the great party leader is his extreme weakness. It cannot be said that the approaching finish is even touched with tragedy. Mr. Gladstone has had an exceptionally long, an honourable and a successful career; and now that the bitterness of the Home Rule fight is forgotten the whole country gladly acknowledges his immense services. He has the supreme consolation of knowing how well he has fought life's battle, of knowing also that he has fought disinterestedly for the people, and, chiefly, of knowing that the people have appreciated him.

Baron Suyematsu, the Japanese Minister for Communications, estimates that the next Budget will show a deficit of eighty million yen (about £8,000,000). The actual worth of this sum to the Japanese will be best estimated when it is remembered that before the war the Japanese Budget had never reached a total of a hundred million yen. Financially Japan is certainly in a bad way, and it is in no small degree due to the want of money that we have not heard more of her during recent events in the Far East. Trade in Japan is very

depressed at present, partly owing to her adoption of the gold standard and partly to the reaction from the fever of speculation developed after the war. Taxation is already very high in proportion to the total income, and any Ministry which suggests a further increase will encounter determined opposition. The indemnity money still to be received from China is already appropriated for Japan's armament extension scheme, so that no relief can be looked for in this quarter. What Japan wants is foreign capital for the development of her commerce and industries, but the existing law against the ownership of land by foreigners prevents the offering of the only security which foreign financiers will look at. The new Treaties which shortly come into force are avowedly based on principles of "equity and mutual benefit," but while the Japanese can own land in any part of Europe save Russian Poland, they deny similar rights to Europeans in Japan, and thereby render nugatory the other concessions of the Treaties. Until Japan, now that she has entered the comity of Western nations, abandons this illiberal attitude, she is not likely to experience much improvement in her financial position.

Natal has shown itself more practical and business-like than the Cape, for, while the Navy has still to wait for the appearance of the battleship "Jubilee," the smaller Colony has come forward with a gift of twelve thousand tons of steam coal which are to be delivered each year to her Majesty's ships as required. In time of war the amount might no doubt be largely increased, and Natal deserves all the congratulations, official and informal, which it has received. Coal supply is the tether that limits the sphere of operations of the modern war vessel, and no one has yet attempted to calculate how this limitation would really affect a great naval war. That no single ship in the navy of either Russia, Germany, or France, for example, can even reach the Chinese coast without English coal is a notable fact that we should do well to bear in mind at the present moment.

It is so seldom nowadays that one is able to assume a congratulatory tone when speaking of English commerce that the few opportunities which occur should be thankfully noted. Such a chance is to hand in the recently published report of the Swansea Harbour Trust. The trade of Swansea Port last year reached a total volume of 3,415,114 tons, as against 3,044,297 tons in the previous year. Two-thirds of this tonnage represented exports—coal, patent fuel, and pitch being the chief articles exported. The goods comprised in the list entitled "iron, steel, iron ore, and tin plates" take third place. In the interest of the country's manufactures we should like to see the position of these items reversed; but with the increasing competition of Europe, and more particularly of the United States, this wish has no chance of fulfilment. At the same time it is gratifying to record that, in spite of the lamentable decrease in the export of tin-plates to America in recent years, Swansea had an increase last year in her shipment of tin and black plates amounting to 20,000 tons. This is equal to 9·5 per cent., caused mainly by the expansion of trade with Russia and the Far East. Undoubtedly Swansea is going to take her place among England's first-rank ports, and when the dock improvements and extensions and other works now in progress are completed, rival ports will have to look to themselves. In particular we would commend the flourishing state of Swansea to the earnest attention of the gentlemen who control the Port of London; the high charges and other oppressive regulations which characterise the metropolitan port have already tried the patience of merchants too long, and London's decadence, when taken together with the growth of other ports, British and foreign, has become a by-word.

For the fine flavour of cynicism commend us to Mr. Steadman, the newly elect of Stepney. That Parliamentary representatives forget, when they are elected, the promises they made to the voters they were canvassing when the election was proceeding, is a commonplace of politics; but the least honest of the tribe usually excuses his short memory when brought to

book by pleading the urgency of other matters, the exigencies of Government, or the like. Mr. Steadman scorns such cheap devices. He was busy a short time since making promises to all and sundry of his would-be constituents, for the securing of their suffrages, and among these promises was one of support to the programme—an excellent programme, by the way—of the National Agricultural Union. Now that Mr. Steadman, M.P., has attained his desire, he has written to the Union (so the Council of the Union affirms) withdrawing that promise, and giving as reason that it was made "during the excitement of the election!" If this is true, Mr. Steadman holds a record. Had he a conscience we would suggest to him the propriety of retiring from a seat which he holds under the pledge of promises now flagrantly thrown overboard.

It may not be inopportune at this time to remind ourselves that the West Indies are not the only sugar-producing parts of the British Empire which are under the ban of the European Bounty system. Queensland is putting forth big efforts as a sugar producer, and New South Wales is credited with similar ambitions. Natal also has entered the lists, whilst Fiji is an admirable sugar producer, and there is the famous island of Mauritius. Some of these countries have only felt the Bounty plague in an indirect and modified form, but all are exposed to its ravages, or become so as soon as the local market gets insufficient for the development of trade. According to advices from India, Mauritius is falling into a bad way in respect to the Indian market, which she once supplied so liberally. The Germans are making great progress with the introduction of a highly refined sugar into Madras, which the Hindoo merchant (particularly when he is a sweet-stuff maker) thinks a quite good enough imitation of the Mauritius cane sugar, and the Hamburg exporters have arranged the price at the necessary fraction below the cane price to tempt the guileless native. How will doles to the West Indies and reciprocity treaties with America help the Mauritius industry?

As was inevitable, M. Dubout has gained his appeal against the refusal of the inferior tribunal to order the insertion in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of his reply to the editor's criticism on his play "Frédégonde." Nobody seems quite to know when the *droit de réponse* first made its appearance in French law, but it has held its place in successive press laws throughout the century, and that in a form so clear and precise that (before the Zola trial, at any rate) we should have thought that there could be no judge so stupid, or so wrong-headed, as to ignore it. Happily such paternal legislation is unknown in this country. In their present frame of mind, the actors and authors would monopolise a considerable space in the papers. M. Dubout, however, if he was strong was also merciful, for when the Court of Appeal had solemnly condemned the Review to a fine of fifty francs for every fortnightly issue during the next two months that did not contain the "reply," he rose with much emotion and forgave his critic, and released him from the embarrassing penalty.

No sooner has Mr. Rhodes arrived in England than Lord Harris must needs endeavour to make a fool of him by publicly bursting into inaccuracies. At the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Rhodesia Agency he not only doubled the profits of the Bulawayo Railway, but also credited Mr. Rhodes with this feat of arithmetical gymnastics. The net profits of the Bulawayo Railway for January were £21,000, and the profits for February are estimated at £15,000. It can scarcely be predicted that even the latter sum will be regularly made in future. When the railway was opened hundreds of tons of goods were stored awaiting the opening; these enormously swelled the earlier receipts. This cannot continue; and we believe that the profits of the succeeding months will be considerably lower than those of the past. Still, as £6000 a month will cover all charges, there is every reason for satisfaction with the prospects of the Railway. Yet that is no reason why Lord Harris should report Mr. Rhodes as having put the first month's profits at £45,000. But,

after all, no one expects anything approaching accuracy from Lord Harris.

Mr. J. Lowles, who has just returned from a trip round the Empire, gave a most encouraging account at the Society of Arts on Tuesday of Colonial views regarding a Pan-Britannic Customs Union. There can be no doubt that the Zollverein idea is gradually winning its way among the Colonies. Canada will next July definitely give a preference to the goods of the mother country, and Australia is preparing to follow her lead. Among the resolutions passed at the recent Conference of Premiers in Melbourne, was one to the effect that the Federal tariff should give preference to Great Britain, or in default of an early Federal tariff that the Australian Colonies should be recommended individually to give such preference. That is a satisfactory move forward. Natal is about to join the South African Customs Union, and that again is an important step which will assist any Imperial Zollverein scheme which may be attempted. Nor should we forget Newfoundland. She too would adopt a preferential tariff, but for the financial difficulties which have compelled her to sell a large part of her birth-right to a private contractor.

The Blackburn Chamber of Commerce must be an optimistic body. It has asked the Premier to induce the French Government to abolish preferential Tariff duties in French West Africa. True, those Tariff duties are so high against foreign (that is, English) imports as to be positively hostile; but the Blackburn Chamber's request that the preferential trading arrangements shall be altogether abolished is so hopeless that it must be difficult for any one concerned to take it seriously. As Lord Salisbury said in his reply, "There is in France a marked desire to secure in her Colonial possessions preferential treatment for French trade." If the Blackburn Chamber wants to do useful political work on behalf of the commerce it represents, it should betake itself to the task of stimulating a similar desire in England, and doing all in its power—and Chambers of Commerce can do a good deal—towards getting that desire translated into action.

The remarkable development of high-class music is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the keeping of Holy Week in Anglican churches. Formerly the idea was to keep the organ silent, and only to admit the strictest plain song in the choir. Now the rendering of such works as Dvorák's "Stabat Mater"—usually sung in Latin—is common in churches which command the necessary resources, and the engagement of first-class professional singers is general. Ladies are no longer excluded. We fancy that the pioneer of this new departure was Mr. Shuttleworth, who began to give this type of music in his little City church some fourteen years ago, and still maintains it, employing ladies (not supplanted) in place of boys.

It appears that there is no legal obligation for parochial accounts to be audited. The point came up at a recent vestry of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, when it was stated that so long as the annual accounts were sent to the Charity Commissioners, no formal audit was required. As some churches receive considerable sums yearly from the City Parochial Foundation, a proper audit would certainly seem desirable.

The "Guardian" has apologised for its statement, which we recently noted as incredible, to the effect that the Bishop of London had joined the Council of the National Anti-Vaccination League. It is an M.D. of the same surname who has thus committed himself. But the "Guardian" does not explain how it was that a serious newspaper came to print so ludicrous and impossible an assertion, without query or qualification of any kind.

We regret exceedingly, in view of the great interest excited by the articles on "The True Shakespeare," that the editor's health will not permit him to revise the concluding essays for a week or two. The fourth will appear next or the following week, and the series will continue unbroken to the end.

THE CUBAN CRISIS.

MR. McKINLEY'S Message, which was to be delivered on Wednesday, is withheld until the beginning of next week. The reflections of Easter-tide may soften the warlike feelings, particularly in Catholic Spain; but the danger is not over. It is not flattering to civilisation to contemplate in the closing years of the nineteenth century: the spectacle of seventy-two millions of people playing the armed high-wayman with a nation of seventeen millions; a nation that poses as the champion of freedom and right all the world over taking advantage of an insurrection which it has done so much to provoke and to maintain, in order to seize territory to which it possesses no claim and to invade an island to which it has not been invited by insurgents, or by autonomists, or by royalists. We are aware of course that this is not the way in which the American senator or the American journalist puts it. He says he is going to Cuba to fulfil a high moral mission and to enforce what the President calls "humane considerations"; but the verdict of the onlooker is that the whole incident is a simple piece of land-grabbing, and that the "rights" of the case are much as they were fifty years ago,—

"That our nation's bigger'n their'n and so its rights are bigger,

An' that it's all to make 'em free that we are pullin' trigger."

The cupidity of the effete monarchies of Europe still excites the moral reprobation of the torch-bearers of freedom across the Atlantic, and as the Republic is still bigger than it was when Lowell wrote the "Biglow papers" to expose the hypocrisy of the aggression on Mexico, its "rights" seem to have increased in proportion. We have not the slightest wish to say unpleasant things about the United States or to lay down a hard-and-fast line setting limits to what is permissible in the way of removing your neighbour's landmark. We have done something in that line ourselves, and have no wish to pose as censors. But when we find the bulk of the English newspapers calling on us to admire the attitude of the United States and to accord our moral support to the Washington Government, it is time to protest.

From the days of Jefferson and John Quincy Adams the United States have coveted Cuba. In 1848 and again in 1853 attempts were made to negotiate its purchase, and when the American Commissioners sent to Madrid on that errand were shown the door, they issued their famous Ostend Manifesto in which it was openly stated that since Spain refused to sell the United States should annex the island by force. In accordance with that threat, America has ever since pursued a policy of aggression and irritation. Insurrection after insurrection has been set on foot, stimulated and paid for from American soil. Spain has been exhausted by an endless struggle, and now that the fruit seems ripe, it is to be plucked. That is the simple story, and it is not a particularly "moral" one.

Spain is, no doubt, a decaying nation, and America is an expanding nation, and, therefore, by the laws that govern the practice of land-grabbing, the stronger is entitled to despoil the weaker; but in the name of common honesty let us have no cant about it. We are told that America represents the cause of civilisation, humanity, progress, while Spain represents mediæval barbarism and cruelty. We should like a little better evidence of the proposition. In Cuba itself there is anarchy and devastation, but we do not know that the invasion of the island by American filibusters and carpet-baggers will constitute an improvement. The systematic oppression and plunder of the Southern States by these gentry for many years after the Civil War does not afford a hopeful precedent, nor does the treatment of negroes and half-breeds in the South to-day quite carry out that ideal of freedom and equality for "all men" that is enshrined in the Declaration of Independence. On the whole, we fancy that life to the average citizen of Spain is as pleasant and as beautiful a thing as to the average citizen of the United States; and if we are to compare the relative contributions of the two States to human civilisation, where will America stand? In mere physical exu-

berance, and in capacity for exploiting the resources that accident has placed in her hands, she leads the world. So much we may freely admit; but due allowance made for all that (about which, perhaps, we have heard enough), how does the account stand? Wipe out both countries and their achievements to-morrow, and which of them would be mourned by civilisation? Should we miss most the oil and the corn and the iron and the pigs, or the poetry of Calderon, the art of Velasquez, the immortal fiction of Cervantes? All these would be regarded as "back numbers" in New York or Chicago, but the world will remember them; and what will it care to remember about America? A nation that is barren in every branch of creative art may be rich in material goods, and it may discuss foreign relations "as if" (so the *Journal des Débats* puts it) "the point of view of national honour did not exist;" but all its millions will not buy it immortality in the world's judgment book. It can crush Spain by mere weight of money and metal; but even in things military the name of the Cid Campeador will outlive that of the conqueror of Cuba.

We decline altogether, therefore, to join in the current but, we fancy, somewhat insincere cry of sympathy with America, in her war of aggression on Spain. Our sympathies are frankly with the weaker power, which has surrendered everything but the national honour in its endeavour to avert the calculated wrath of its powerful opponent. In healthier times, before Teutonic brutality had dulled the senses of European public opinion, the aggression would have been resented by every State having interests in the Western Hemisphere. But there is no longer a conscience of Europe, and so the annexation will no doubt in the long run be completed. We say "in the long run," for it is by no means so clear to us as it is to some of the advocates of the higher morality that America has only to arrive in Cuba to find herself at home. Spain is not altogether a negligible quantity, either on sea or on land, and America may have some unpleasant surprises. It is true that the United States can send out five modern battleships of high efficiency, while those of Spain are little better than old iron. But suppose Spain declines to accept the challenge, and prefers to wage a guerilla warfare against the commerce and the open ports of the United States. Spain has nine armoured cruisers of modern type and high speed, as against two of the United States, and she has a flotilla of thirty-knot destroyers and torpedo-boats, which America cannot meet. In Cuba and Puerto Rico, and in the Mother Country, there are many safe ports where these vessels can take refuge for coaling and refitting, and from which they can emerge, so many Alabamas to prey on American commerce. The result might conceivably be the temporary disappearance of the American merchant flag from the Atlantic. But of course the resources of America must in the long run wear out those of Spain, as surely as the Northern States wore out the Southern thirty years ago. Cuba will be overrun and "civilisation" will be able to boast of a further illustration of the maxim that might makes right.

OUR GOVERNMENT AND CHINA.

OUR fear that the Government have been without a definite policy as regards the Far East is not much lessened by study of the debate which followed Mr. Balfour's statement on Tuesday. The Foreign Office, it is true, has exacted concessions from the Government at Peking. In particular, Wei-hai-Wei has been leased to us on terms similar to those on which Russia has obtained possession of Port Arthur. Unfortunately, there is cause for misgiving as to what the Government intend to do with it. Wei-hai-Wei, said Mr. Balfour, is the only port in the gulf of Pechili "which might be held to balance the possession of Port Arthur" by the Russians. That has been true since the day when the Foreign Office withdrew its demand for Talien-wan, a port which Mr. Curzon now says is valuable, but which Lord Salisbury, when "climbing down," declared to be useless; but it is not a truth important enough to be of much comfort. Our acquisition of Wei-hai-Wei is a flat repudiation of the open-door policy for which Ministers announced themselves ready to fight. The place is not primarily

a commercial port. It is a naval and military base. Avowedly we have taken it in order that we may check any attempt on the part of Russia at Port Arthur to gain a predominant influence in Peking. That is a naval and military move which will inevitably lead to a reversal of the policy which Ministers proclaimed in January. It can no longer be said that the European Powers are pegging out claims in China for commercial and pacific purposes only. They are establishing naval and military posts, and assuredly preparing the way for contingencies of much more than a merely commercial scope. It would be a relief to know that the Government realise this, and are ready to undertake all the measures which their new responsibilities impose. Of that we have no assurance. In their anxiety to make it appear that their policy had been continuous and successful, the Government, represented by Mr. Curzon, evaded the inquiries of Sir Charles Dilke as to whether they were to render effective the occupation of Wei-hai-Wei by setting up a dockyard, constructing docks, and providing a proper garrison. The House and the country are entitled to the confidence of Ministers as to these matters, which, if dealt with adequately, will involve a large expenditure; but Mr. Balfour and Mr. Curzon were alike silent on the subject. Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire's hint that before we take possession of our new fortress we must persuade the Japanese to evacuate it, explains the singular reticence. Should the Japanese wish to retain the place, we may yet have to make another withdrawal and another rash demand by way of maintaining our prestige.

Besides, it is not at Wei-hai-Wei alone that our Foreign Office has been groping in the dark. We have been assured that Russia is to make Port Arthur a treaty port. Have our Ministers taken any steps towards making that arrangement effective? Have they settled the concession of lands within the port for the use of foreign merchants? If the settlement is not made quickly, it will not, we fear, be made at all. Despite the trust which the Government puts in the assurances of St. Petersburg, Russia, it is certain, means Port Arthur to be as much her own preserve as Manchuria has rapidly become; and, to all seeming, it is not England who will prevent her. The rest of the Ministerial statement we can read with some slight satisfaction. Moved at length by the distrust of their own country and the ridicule of all others, the Government, just in time for the performance on Tuesday afternoon, exacted from China the promise of three new treaty ports, Chinwang Peitaho, in the Gulf of Pechili, Fu-ning, in the inlet of Sam Sa, and Yo-chau, on the Tung-ting Lake. They have persuaded China into an undertaking not to cede or lease any territory in the valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang. China, too, is to throw open to foreign traders all her inland waterways. Then, as we have known for a few weeks, certain likin dues and maritime customs are assigned to England for the service of the loan made to China jointly by Germany and English financiers; and as long as English trade predominates, Sir Robert Hart, or an Englishman in succession, shall control the Imperial Maritime Customs. All that is to the good; and we dare say that it does lend some colouring of reason to Mr. Balfour's vision of the "rich fruits, as regards both our immediate commercial interests and our political influence at Peking," which are to be borne by the arrangement. Still, it was preposterous of Mr. Balfour to say that he had no need to assume an apologetic tone in making his statement to the House. What he and his colleagues have achieved falls ridiculously short of the achievements which they promised. While France has been worsted in her scheme to keep us out of the hinterland of Hong-Kong, the territory which is absolutely necessary to us lest some day we should need to defend that town, she has undoubtedly scored an important point against us in having acquired the right to appoint the Director of the Imperial Post Office. That institution was founded by England, and the Government ought not to have let it slip out of English hands.

Mr. Balfour claims that we have maintained the integrity of the Chinese Empire. We have done nothing of the kind. To all intents and purposes, Manchuria, as we have said, has become a province of

Russia. It is certain, too, that all the ports and adjacent lands ceded on "lease" to the various Powers are given up by China in permanence. The integrity of the Chinese Empire is gone. Only the dread with which each European Power thinks of a possible war with another, or with Japan, saves China from partition without delay. Mr. Balfour was equally unconvincing when he affirmed that the treaty rights of England have been maintained inviolate. The compact of Tientsin gave us privileges in Manchuria, as well as in the other parts of China, which Russia scornfully ignores, and the Government of England shows no disposition to enforce. In short, Ministers have very little to boast about over China. There is perhaps a doleful consolation in the fact that the leaders of the Opposition have no right to consider themselves superior to Mr. Curzon and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. The prospect of defending our rights even at the cost of war moved all the leaders of the Opposition to speak sentiments not a whit less noble than those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which we must now strive sadly to forget.

THE PRISONS BILL.

THE debate on the Prisons Bill has assuredly brought us within sight of the end of the national disgrace involved in the maintenance of our existing prison system. The Bill itself is a poor thing; but the discussion to which it has given rise has torn down the screen of secrecy behind which the senseless brutality of the system has been hidden from public knowledge, and has made a larger measure of reform inevitable. True, we have had many descriptions of prison life and exposures of the uselessness of the system as a reforming agency before to-day; but now for the first time the exposure has apparently gripped the public in that effective way which is a necessary precedent to the reform of any secretly administered bureaucratic department. There has been no defence of the system whatever in the course of the debate. The facts have not been disputed; they are as indisputable as they are disgraceful. The notion that we seek to reform our prisoners has been shown convincingly to be a pretence and a sham. We seek, not to reform, but to starve them, to subject them to hunger, sleeplessness and cold, and when we turn the prison key upon them for the first time, to force them into the ranks of habitual criminals by such anti-social and corrupting associations as make a return to honest life as difficult as possible for them.

The Home Secretary opened his speech on Monday by "repudiating the charge that the system is conceived in a vindictive or inhuman spirit." It is very easy to use general words of repudiation; but unless they are accompanied by detailed disproof of specific charges they are worth very little, and no such disproof was forthcoming. Take, for example, the sleeping, or rather the anti-sleeping arrangement in force in our prisons. They are an embodiment of the spirit in which prison regulations generally are conceived and administered. The regulations are these: A prisoner has to sleep on the plank bed for the first month of his sentence. During the second month his mattress is removed on two nights in the week, and during the third month on one night. The devilish ingenuity of this device for producing insomnia is beyond description. It is not so much the first month—by sheer weariness a man can become so far habituated to the plank as to sleep brokenly upon it. It is to the device of removing the mattress intermittently during the following months that we call special attention. Twice a week the officer in charge goes round his ward at evening, unlocking cells, with the monotonous cry of "beds out." If this regulation, which has no other object than to prevent the prisoners from sleeping on those nights, is not conceived in a "vindictive and inhuman spirit," we should like to know what conceivable atrocity Sir Matthew White Ridley would regard as deserving such a description. And this regulation is a fair sample from the bulk. The descriptions given by Mr. Davitt and Mr. Burns of the pangs of hunger suffered by prisoners were vivid enough in all conscience. Mr. Burns' picture of himself, sleepless and famished, getting out of bed in the middle of the night and groping with wet palms on the floor for stray crumbs that he

might have dropped at supper, was bad enough; but Mr. Davitt's reminiscences were even worse. "I have seen a man," he said, "go to the bone shed and eat the putrid marrow out of the bones because he was suffering from this horrible pang. I have seen men take up remnants of candles from the cesspool, wipe them on their clothes, and eat them. I know a friend for whom I can speak who underwent nearly eight years' penal servitude. During that period he never ceased for one single day to feel the pangs of hunger." Mr. Davitt can indeed speak for his "friend," and his testimony carries a stinging conviction with it. There is no point of prison administration that does not on examination reveal the same spirit which is embodied in these sleeplessness and starvation regulations. Take the regulations as to communication with the outer world. Mr. Davitt has told us that he himself was prevented from communicating with his mother for six months because he shared a piece of dry bread with a fellow-prisoner. In the ordinary course, without any special punishment of that kind, a prisoner is only allowed to receive and write one letter every three months. What purpose, other than a vindictive and inhuman purpose, can be served by this prevention of written intercourse with parents or with wife and children—intercourse that might obviously be a touching means of reformation in many cases?

There are other points that we cannot discuss with decency—the sanitary arrangements of the cells, for example. The only sanitary appliance in a cell is a shallow tin. The great majority of prisoners suffer from acute diarrhoea after a few days of the coarse brown-bread diet. The cell is about the size of a large packing case. It is locked from four in the evening till six in the morning, and must not be unlocked by the night warder on any pretence.

It is not necessary to pursue the subject in further detail. The crowd of witnesses who have added their testimony in the daily papers to the exposures made in the House have corroborated the charge of vindictiveness and inhumanity at all points. Not that such corroboration was needed to establish the charge. It has long been notorious to all who have studied the question. We have grown virtuously indignant over descriptions of Pretoria prisons and Siberian horrors; and have had in our own midst an abomination of useless cruelty equal to any of them. *Useless* cruelty—that is the point to be emphasised. What have we gained, what can we hope to gain, by continuing it, with whatever minor modifications? Absolutely nothing. Our habitual criminals increase under it. They come back again and again with appalling regularity. We have utterly degraded them, and smashed the manhood out of them that might, under reasonable conditions of restraint, have been encouraged. We are told by the official apologists of the system that a prison must not be made a pleasant place, and that in seeking to reform we must not forget the punitive and deterrent intention of prison life. But the one fact that stands out clearly as a result of it all is that we do not deter. We simply dehumanise. We are engaged in the lucrative occupation of turning first offenders into habitual gaol birds. And the man who looks for any other result from the practice of the old barbaric law of retaliation—and our prison system is nothing more than that—is little better than one of the foolish. We regret to say that that man is Sir Matthew White Ridley. Surely a less competent Home Secretary never held office. He is weak, cowardly, terrified of the permanent staff to which he is subservient; his fear of that staff seems to take all humanity out of him. Paradoxically, he alone has courage to think, and to say in a half-hearted way, that the present system is good enough. We wish, with Mr. Davitt, that Sir Matthew White Ridley, as a change from his ordinary generous diet and sybaritic sleeping arrangements, would try twenty-four hours of the horrible torture and uneatable food of one of Her Majesty's gaols. After that he might think some slight reforms necessary. There is one point to be remembered. If no real reforms are made soon, even stupid British juries will refuse to convict, save in the most damning cases. And the British juries will be right.

WAR-SONG FOR THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.

IN anguish we uplift
A new unhallowed song :
The race is to the swift ;
The battle to the strong.

Of old it was ordained
That we, in packs like curs,
Some thirty million trained
And licensed murderers,
In crime should live and act
If cunning folk say sooth
Who flay the naked fact
And carve the heart of truth.

The rulers cry aloud,
"We cannot cancel war,
The end and bloody shroud
Of wrongs the worst abhor,
And order's swaddling band :
Know that relentless strife
Remains by sea and land
The holiest law of life.
From fear in every guise,
From sloth, from lust of pelf,
By war's great sacrifice
The world redeems itself.
War is the source, the theme
Of art ; the goal, the bent
And brilliant academe
Of noble sentiment ;
The augury, the dawn
Of golden times of grace ;
The true catholicon,
And blood-bath of the race."

We thirty million trained
And licensed murderers,
Like zanies rigged, and chained
By drill and scourge and curse
In shackles of despair
We know not how to break—
What do we victims care
For art, what interest take
In things unseen, unheard ?
Some diplomat no doubt
Will launch a heedless word,
And lurking war leap out !

We spell-bound armies then,
Huge brutes in dumb distress,
Machines compact of men
Who once had consciences,
Must trample harvests down—
Vineyard, and corn and oil ;
Dismantle every town
And every hamlet spoil
On each appointed path
Till lust of havoc light
A blood-red blaze of wrath
In every frenzied sight.

In many a mountain-pass,
Or meadow green and fresh
Mass shall encounter mass
Of shuddering human flesh ;

Opposing ordnance roar
Across the swathes of slain,
And blood in torrents pour
In vain—always in vain,
For war breeds war again !

The shameful dream is past,
The subtle maze untrod :
We recognise at last
That war is not of God.
Wherefore we now uplift
Our new unhallowed song :
The race is to the swift,
The battle to the strong.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

GIBIESSE OBLIGE.

LAST Saturday I studied Mr. Bernard Shaw's excursus on Mr. Heinemann's play, and my interest in the excursus was all the keener for that I had just read the play itself, to which I had first been lured by another excursus, signed "W. A.," in the "Daily Chronicle." Mr. Archer had written partly in disparagement, partly in praise of "Summer Moths," but I confess that, for me, the value of his criticism had been somewhat discounted by the fact that Mr. Heinemann was his publisher. I know Mr. Archer to be so meticulously fair, so awfully, so painfully upright, that in undertaking to criticise the work of a personal enemy, though he would honestly endeavour to judge it without reference to his own feelings, he would yet despite himself, and as it were almost unconsciously, praise it beyond its merits, whilst, in criticising the work of one to whom he were bound by ties of friendship and business, he would be almost sure to err on the side of undue severity. For aught I knew, then, Mr. Heinemann's play might be a masterpiece, and I hurried to its perusal. Briefly, I thought it bosh. I must admit, however, that I am no expert in dramaturgy. Mr. Archer, who knows far more than I know of such matters, and in comparison with whom Balmoral and the Judicial Bench can only be regarded as foul hot-beds of corruption, had seemed to think that Mr. Heinemann's work displayed a wonderful insight into human character. Well ! Saturday came round, and with it Mr. Bernard Shaw, honestly wondering "whether Mr. William Heinemann is the coming dramatist." Mr. Shaw seemed to have arrived at his conjecture by a process of elimination. According to him, Mr. Heinemann has no wit, no humour ; power of construction has been denied him ; of literary instinct he shows no symptom : he cannot write. "But for my part," says Mr. Shaw, "when I find the characteristic devotion of the born artist accompanied by a hopeless deficiency in all the fashionable specific talents—and this appears to be Mr. Heinemann's case—I immediately give him my most respectful attention, and am particularly careful to indulge in none of those prophecies of extinction which were so confidently launched at Wagner, Ibsen and Meredith." Thus, in his ruthless candour, does Mr. Shaw define and give away a whole position. In their efforts to rid our stage of its old conventions, he and his co-propagandists have long been drawing their arguments from this unspoken premiss : that a bad play is necessarily a good play. Any unbiassed person who frequented the Independent Theatre will admit that a large proportion of the plays enacted there made no more appeal to the intellect than is made by the plays at quite trivial theatres. The authors chose more or less unpleasant themes, and they did not know their business. That was all. And that was why their plays were produced at the Independent Theatre. But I, as a timid Bœotian, believe that, unless a man have some talent for dramatic writing, the fewer plays he writes the better. He may be (unlike the average Independent author) a thinker, or a poet, or a wit, but he will be wise not to write plays, unless he have that natural instinct which is as necessary to the good dramatist as to the good painter or musician, cricketer or shot. Ibsen is a thinker and (according to latest advices) a poet. But what is it, if not his genius for dramatic invention and

construction, that has enabled him to use these advantages in the theatre and to create of them great plays? I admit that an innate gift for any art involves what Mr. Shaw calls the "confounded attitude for doing what other people have done before." Every great man in art has begun by imitating one or another of his forerunners. Ibsen himself had that confounded aptitude which enabled him to begin by doing good work of a conventional kind. Yet it did not prevent him from developing, in course of time, a new dramatic method of his own, did it? Without the innate gift and the confounded aptitude which it involves, he would have been quite helpless. So would Wagner and Meredith have been. But even if you accept Mr. Shaw's thesis that natural aptitude is baneful, does it follow that natural ineptitude, *plus* perseverance, is likely to bear great fruit? When a sturdy little boy tumbles off a rocking-horse, is he the more likely to be a superb equestrian when he grows up? Mr. Shaw admits that "Summer Moths" is *pas grand chose*, but he accepts the author's ineptitude as a presage of possible genius, and gravely compares Mr. Heinemann, in that he is "original" and drives "as hard as he can at real life," with Maupassant—Maupassant, who was, if ever was any man, an artist; who, under the direct influence of Flaubert, slowly developed his natural talent, until he was able to depict life through it worthily and in his own way; Maupassant, whose first printed story was "Boule de Juiif," a masterpiece in literary art. To drive as hard as one can at real life may be excellent advice for many writers, but Mr. Shaw must surely be aware that the goal can only be reached through literary art. Even supposing for one moment—I really cannot give a longer time—that Mr. Heinemann, as a man, has Maupassant's broad grasp of life, I cannot see why one should wonder whether he be "the coming dramatist," when it is quite obvious that he has no dramatic talent. A kind man should be very careful in the bestowal of encouragement. The same slap on the back which does but invigorate a strong man will send a weak one off his balance. Art aside, what is Mr. Heinemann's strength? In what way is he original? What strange evangel is he brewing? I advise my readers to read "Summer Moths" and then to ask Mr. Shaw, in a quiet chorus, whether that play be anything if not an imitation of Ibsen's "specific talent," whether it be a sign of original genius to imitate a realist and a sign of slavishness to imitate a romanticist, and, finally, whether that which is sauce for the goose could ever, under any possible combination of circumstances, be sauce for the gander.

I know that every master of a new method in art is vilified at first. Am I another instance of obtuseness and brutality in criticism? I think not. Mr. Heinemann is only the slave of a quite familiar method in art. But I said that every great man in art began with imitations? I did. But Ibsen, Wagner and Meredith imitated well. Mr. Heinemann's imitation is far from good. Besides, I am not vilifying Mr. Heinemann; I have merely ventured to take him as a stalking-horse, from whose shelter I may shoot the cat which Mr. Shaw has let out of the bag. Mr. Shaw is too explicit by far. He has let his contempt for artistic ability run away with him. A fumbling imitation of Ibsen moves him to exultation, whereas, I remember, those adroit essays in mimicry, "Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mrs. Ebbsmith," positively infuriated him. Mr. Pinero may be as "reactionary" as Mr. Shaw declares him to be, but, if so, the reason is to be found, not in Mr. Pinero's great talent for dramaturgy, but in the fact that Mr. Pinero himself is not a man of elemental force. Mr. Pinero is the flawless type, *in petto*, of the flawless dramatist. He possesses, in a degree, all the requisites, and they are all in perfect balance to one another. He is not a great thinker, but he is very intelligent, and keeps abreast of all the latest improvements in ideas. He is not a great psychologist, though he is a man of the world and a careful, sympathetic observer of men and women. A great humourist he is not, though he can always conceive amusing scenes and characters in comedy. Nor is he a great wit, though he has invented many smart sayings, nor a great stylist, though he writes carefully and never jars our ears. In fact (setting aside his natural qualification in art—

his dramatic instinct, which is great indeed, and which has been developed by actual experience of acting), Mr. Pinero is equally well armed at all points. No other born artist in dramaturgy has succeeded through so many additional qualities. Mr. Oscar Wilde has succeeded chiefly through his wit, humour and mastery of words; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, through his enthusiastic sympathies, his humanity, his power of satire; Mr. Louis-Parker-cum-Murray-Carson, through his humour and sentiment. Mr. Pinero, on the other hand, excels in nothing, but is quite good all round: put him under a strong magnifying glass, and you will see the greatest playwright of all time. All his advantages he brought, some four years ago, to the imitation of Ibsen, and Mr. Shaw was very angry with him. I myself far preferred Mr. Pinero when he was working on the lines of Tom Robertson and Labiche, with both of whom he had much in common: "Sweet Lavender" and "The Magistrate" seem to me quite perfect in their way. Mr. Pinero's imitation of Ibsen was less charming because it was less spontaneous. It came of that desire to do something great (? something serious) which, in England especially, overtakes and spoils so many of the most delightful writers. But, undoubtedly, "Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mrs. Ebbsmith" were steps in that direction towards which Mr. Shaw has always pointed the feverish forefinger of command. Alas! they were cautious steps. In imitating Ibsen, Mr. Pinero had forgotten to forget all he had learnt in his unregenerate days. He had constructed both the plays more or less in his accustomed manner. They were good specimens of artistic talent, and Mr. Shaw was as angry with Mr. Pinero as he is pleased with Mr. Heinemann. I wish Mr. Shaw would reconsider his views on artistic talent. I assure him that it is not half so dangerous as he seems to think, that without it Mr. Pinero would be far less delightful and no whit more progressive than he is, and that without it Ibsen himself would never have been heard of as a playwright, nor the "Devil's Disciple," which we all hope to see soon in London, have been enjoying its highly successful run in New York. I can understand Mr. Shaw's desire to Ibsenise the English stage from foot-lights to flies, though, personally, I don't share his desire, and am not sure that it will ever be gratified. But if ever it *be* gratified, it will be so only through a long course of plays in which Ibsen's manner is imitated by competent artists. Bad imitations of Ibsen will do no good, however seriously one may take them. Such a play as "Summer Moths" will do no good at all. One should not encourage feeble work at the expense of fine work. To do so is a mistake in policy as well as in criticism. And one should not go about making other people's publishers ridiculous.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE LAST OF THE CLAIMANT.

[BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.]

"I AM sincerely obliged to you for allowing me to call on you, but let us understand each other and let me be frank. I wished to see you, not because I believe in you, but because I think that you are one of the most extraordinary men who have ever lived. Still I must not forget the courtesy due to a host. Am I to address you as Sir Roger Tichborne, or as Arthur Orton, or am I to assume that you are neither?" It was with these words that I introduced myself a year or so ago to "The Claimant." He evidently liked this bluntness, shook my hand warmly, laughed very good-naturedly but with a rather sad expression and motioned me to a seat. "Ah," he said, "I have brought this on myself by the great mistake of my life; but, tell me, did you believe in me before I signed that confession in the 'People'?" I replied frankly that I did not, and thinking that this would be a good opportunity of getting him to talk about himself, I said, "Will you let me tell you what seemed to me the points most conclusive against you in the trial?" He said, "Certainly, I shall be most interested to hear." "Well, the first was the utter obliteration from your memory of all that it had been proved Roger Tichborne had learned from his tutor and at Stonyhurst; the second was your going off to Wapping on the first

night of your arrival in London; and the third was your denial that you had ever been at Lloyd's rooms, when it was proved conclusively that you had searched the books there." His replies were very pertinent and ingenious. He said, "Will you believe me when I say that these things are as strange to me, to whom they actually happened, as they can be to you?" I could never understand how it was that I so completely lost my memory, which is ordinarily a very good one. It was perhaps due to my having delirium tremens two or three times (for in those days I was terribly addicted to drink), and to the fevers I had in the bush. But as for the visit to Wapping it was perfectly natural, and nothing was so unfairly represented in all my trial. The facts were these. I landed at about four o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Day, and drove straight to Ford's Hotel in Manchester Square, where I had some dinner about five, and having nothing to do that evening (for my mother whom I expected to meet had not arrived), I thought I couldn't do better than keep a promise I had made to Orton that I would call on his people and tell them how he was doing, because I knew I should have no time to do this later on when business began. So I took a four-wheeler and went off, and that was the reason I went to Wapping on the night of my arrival. As for visiting Lloyd's, I can only say that I have absolutely no recollection of having been there, and at the present moment don't even know where Lloyd's is."

He talked in a low tone, without emphasis and with a curious half-indifference alternating with a certain furtively observant attention to the impression he was making. His voice was soft and caressing, his accent a singular mixture of affected refinement and natural vulgarity, some of his words being minced and drawled in an overdone attempt to mimic the fine gentleman, and some, like "ouse" and "putt" (for "put"), bewraying less cultivated associations. The two-fold life which he had led was thus plainly indicated. His features were very striking, and produced quite a different impression from that given by the public portraits. His massive face, and head with its long and abundant white hair, gave him an almost noble appearance. The forehead, nose, chin and jaws were anything but plebeian. What spoilt his head were the ears, the lobes of which were most remarkable, being long, flabbily pendulant, and flat. His eyes were large and prominent, not shifty, but not always easily and straightly meeting you: they had a curious askance look sometimes which, combined with twitching and down-pulled thick black eyelashes, was not, at such moments, captivating. Taken as a whole, and seen in repose, there was nothing in his features to indicate the qualities which have made his name infamous. He talked with the utmost freedom of his life and his experience. In his youth, he said, he had no pretension to any virtue and had been a perfect roué; he would drink two bottles of brandy at a sitting and stick at nothing. His anecdotes, whether true or not, were as entertaining as endless. Strange though it may seem, he gave me the idea of a man who was naturally frank, simple and straightforward, and who had by no means either the temper or the characteristics of the charlatan. This was illustrated in a most curious way. When he spoke of his own life and adventures, he had all the air and accent of a man who was telling the truth. But the moment he identified himself with Roger Tichborne, his whole manner changed, the very tone of his voice altering; his glance became furtive, his movements uneasy. I amused myself with watching him, and he was aware of it. "And where," I would innocently ask, "is Arthur Orton now?" Instantly his glance was averted and directed thoughtfully to the ceiling or inquisitively round the room, and out came the palpably falsetto "Well, you know, I believe him to be the madman in the Sydney asylum." I asked him whether during the trial he did not get so muddled that he really did not know who he was; "for you gave me that impression," I said, "when I looked at you." He laughed and replied, "Oh, I always knew who I was," but added that at times he was bordering on the state indicated by me. He explained that he had drawn up the statement acknowledging that he was Arthur Orton because at that time he and his young

wife were almost starving, and that he had been promised £3000 if he would do so; but he added, again in falsetto, that his identity with Sir Roger was so indisputable that no affidavits or recantations on his part could affect it. It is a proof of the courage and pluck of the man that when I asked him if he would be willing to live all his life over again just as it had been, he replied, "I know what you mean," and, after a pause, said, "Yes; I would, with all its cares and troubles."

There was an undefinable attractiveness about the man, not wholly to be accounted for by his unaffected courtesy and good nature, his extreme kindliness of disposition, his generous appreciation of any services which had been done him, the utter absence of any bitterness or rancour when speaking of his opponents, his touching tenderness to his young wife, the courage and resignation with which he bore the accumulated miseries of his latter days—ill-health, intense pain, penury, almost starvation. Truly in his case the wheel had come full circle, and when I saw him last, lying on a wretched pallet, without a fire, with no food but a crust of bread, friendless, penniless, hopeless, I thought of the truth of Goethe's line,—

"Alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden."

This at least may be said of him that he had lived, and that he was a man, which are after all honourable distinctions.

LANDMARKS AND LEGENDS OF PARIS.—I.

UNLIKE the Carrefour de l'Odéon and the Passage de l'Opéra of bygone days, the Place de l'Opéra of to-day owes little or nothing of its popularity as a promenade to the building from which it derived its name. The students of my time lingered willingly under the arcades of the theatre which saw the first performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro," not only for the pleasure of looking at the books exposed for sale there, but also for the sake of catching a glimpse of some well-known actor or actress on his or her way to rehearsal, and for the sake of discussing the dramatic success or failure of the hour, or the chances of the forthcoming production. The habitués of the Passage de l'Opéra when the Opera-house itself was still in the Rue Le Peletier hard by were nearly all interested in music, either professionally or as enthusiastic amateurs; there was the sound of the "singing bird" in the air, although Bernard Latte, the publisher of Donizetti's operas, had migrated long ago, and the connoisseurs themselves repaired after a little while to Paolo Broggi's restaurant, better known as l'Estaminet du Divan.

In his daily strolls up and down the Boulevard des Capucines, from the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin to the Rue Scribe, the Parisian—whether by birth or adoption—or the habitual foreign visitor scarcely ever bestows a glance, still less a thought, on M. Charles Garnier's monumental structure. To borrow a familiar locution, "il s'en soucie comme un poisson d'une pomme," and I am not far wrong in adding that, except on very rare occasions, "il s'y amuse comme une souris dans une guitare." The reader must translate for himself. I will not pledge myself not to use a French expression when it promises to drive home my meaning more forcibly than an English one could. I am writing in order to amuse those who know something of Paris and France, and who will not expect me to supply the English equivalent, for instance, for "vol-au-vent," and who, if left to themselves, may be trusted not to render "mauviettes sur canapés" by "larks on sofas." All Englishmen who know Paris, as well as the majority of Parisians, have long ago weighed the Opera-house and the general run of its entertainments in the balance, and they have almost invariably found these entertainments wanting. They do not, however, repair to the Place de l'Opéra and its vicinity to discuss the causes of this decline or to lament over them; still less do they cherish the hope of coming into contact with some of the operatic "shining lights" that yet remain; they simply aim at the pleasure of enjoying the bustle and animation associated with the principal landmark of the newer Paris. And when tired with strolling up and down they, the visitors, seat themselves, if it be fine, outside, if it be wet, inside, the central place of attraction, the Café de la Paix.

The Café and the Opera-house were both the "creations" of the Second Empire, which, however, was swept away long before the musical institution was ready for the public, and by that time the Café had become almost the last stronghold of Imperialism in the capital. In fact, between the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty and the opening of the Académie Nationale de Musique, the Café de la Paix was rarely spoken of except by its sobriquet of Porto-Ferrajo, while the Boulevard des Capucines itself was dubbed the Boulevard de l'île d'Elbe. Did Thiers invent the nicknames? He was credited with having done so, and he was more than sufficiently witty to justify the supposition. But, in this instance, the proverb "on ne prête qu'aux riches" deserves to be remembered: for fear affected Thiers as wine is said to affect others, and Thiers was terribly frightened at the spectre of the Empire. It was, in reality, the only one of the three vanished régimes that caused him sleepless nights; the Café de la Paix became his nightmare as the Café Montansier in the Palais-Royal had been the nightmare of Louis XVIII. and his brother during the Bourbon Restoration.

There are stories of Thiers' cowardice which his greatest admirers and sincerest friends have never been able to contradict. The semi-official account of his arrest on the morning of the Coup-d'Etat would reach the acme of comicality, but for a scene enacted at Bordeaux after the capitulation of Paris. He was then in mortal terror of being apprehended by Gambetta, who, for the space of four-and-twenty hours, seemed prepared to set the whole world at defiance rather than consent to the peace which put an end to his dictatorship. Those scenes, though intensely comic, paled before Thiers' antics when fear made him the assailer instead of the assailed. No lie was too glaring, no pretext too flimsy, no step too mean, no combination too absurd that held out the slightest chance of satisfying his wrath and allaying his white-livered poltroonery. And, inasmuch as the most subtle of his devices were too transparent to impose upon the merest child, his anger increased not at their frustration—for no one troubled to frustrate them—but at their being published. He never forgave Madame Rouher for having made him the laughing-stock of the whole of France. When the "vice-emperor," as her husband was ironically called during the Empire, took up his residence once more in Paris, Thiers immediately dispatched a number of detectives to keep watch. One evening it suddenly poured "cats and dogs," and Madame Rouher sent umbrellas for every single detective, apologising at the same time for providing only cotton ones. "Madame regrets," said the servant in his mistress's name; "but times are too bad for silk ones. She bade me tell you, however, that when the Emperor returns you shall have silk ones to watch M. Thiers." The Imperialists at the Café de la Paix did still better. They treated the dozen "mouchards" told off to report upon their doings like men and brothers, invited them to join their company, and supplied them more than liberally with refreshments. Then Thiers burst out into frantic rage. "I really believe those mountebanks of Imperialists are trying to make a fool of me," he screeched one night at the top of his falsetto voice to the Marquis Philippe de Marsa, who, though an avowed partisan of the fallen régime, was a frequent visitor at the Presidency at Versailles in virtue of his mother having married the Comte Roger (du Nord), a staunch republican and friend of Thiers. As the Marquis did not answer, Thiers screeched louder than ever, expecting his interlocutor to deny the impeachment. "I really believe those mountebanks of Imperialists are trying to make a fool of me." "Absolutely, M. le Président," was the quiet reply. "They are not only trying but succeeding."

This proved too much for the irascible little man. A fresh gang of informers was ordered to the Café de la Paix, to intimidate the Imperialists, if possible, but at any rate to catch the old gang in a flagrant neglect of duty. The Imperialists, however, would not be intimidated, and took care that the friendly detectives should not be caught. The Imperialists had not only been warned in time of the contemplated move, but of the exact moment for its execution. On that memorable

night a tremendous storm broke over Paris. As the hour for the expected appearance of the new-comers drew near, the others were informed of what was going to happen, and they arranged to meet their colleagues outside in order to show them that there was no neglect of duty. But, alas! it was raining in torrents and they had no umbrellas. Thereupon a well-known Imperialist went in a cab to an English establishment hard by and bought a round dozen of those useful articles. Next day the bill was sent, not to the President of the Republic, but to his Fides Achates, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, with a request for reimbursement. The letter was characteristic. "You, Monsieur, who are reputed to be the only surviving Carbonaro in France, must know how hard it is for a spy to be drenched to the skin in the execution of his duty, and we trust you will point this out to M. le Président of the Republic."

The word "Carbonaro" brings me back to the structure of M. Garnier, which, strange as it may seem, owes its enormous proportions (the alleged cause of its failure as a paying concern) to the machinations of some of the members of that society on 14 January, 1858, the date of Orsini's attempt on Napoleon III.'s life in front of the old Opera-house in the Rue Le Peletier. Of this in the next paper.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL "SOCKER."

DURING the international football match at Glasgow on Saturday last the weather was characteristically bleak and lowering. Chill showers out of a grey sky swept across the playing field, with only an occasional and momentary flick of heartening sunshine. In these quick sunbursts, however, the vast amphitheatre at Parkhead was singularly picturesque. Down in the green hollow the players shuttled to and fro in the sudden blaze, while the faces of the spectators, who were gathered round as on precipitous hills, flashed like a ruddy mosaic. For a moment only; then the bright scene lapsed into a cold greyness. And such, also, in effect, was the fortune of the Scottish players. By winning the toss they were able to put a stiff wind at their backs, but this momentary sunburst of luck soon died down when the game was fairly started. In about three minutes the English forwards fastened with unshakable determination on the ball, and carried it right through the Scottish defence. Then Wheldon scored the first goal for England, with a quick, low, slanting shot, which fairly bewildered the Scotch goalkeeper. It was a sudden success for the English team, yet it seemed only to put spirit into their opponents, for thereafter the ball was kept for a considerable time on the Englishmen's ground, while their goal was repeatedly threatened. They maintained a brilliant defence, however, and after several narrow escapes the danger passed. By this time it had become apparent that, however good the Scotsmen might be individually, as a team they were being outplayed by their opponents. This superiority was markedly true in the case of the English forwards. The latter had an amazing turn of speed, and were particularly noticeable for the ease and precision with which they combined to baffle the Scottish defence. On one occasion when they broke away, Spikesley manœuvred the ball right down the field, tackled half-back and back, tipped the ball cleverly to Bloomer, and the latter as cleverly shot for goal and succeeded. This second goal for England, won by merit, was a sore disappointment to the spectators, for it was now clearly demonstrated that the home team, even with the wind, light, and a soft pitch in their favour, could make no headway against the strangers. Indeed, the Scottish forwards became fairly demoralised towards the end of the first half of the game. Not that they lacked speed; on the contrary, they could dribble the ball right down to the mouth of the English goal with considerable sureness; but at that point their skill abruptly stopped. In shooting for goal they either kicked too high or too wide; more often they let the ball slip from among their feet from sheer want of judgment and prearranged plan; they even seemed to be quarrelling among themselves. As an off-set to this slackness on the part of the Scotsmen, there was the cool, disciplined precision of the Englishman, who never seemed to make a mis-

take. It was small wonder, therefore, that the game stood at two goals to nothing in favour of England, when the whistle blew at half-time. After the game was resumed it was found that the Scottish captain, knowing their weakness, had made a new shuffle with his forwards, while it was evident that the whole team had pulled themselves together for a great effort to recover their lost ground. And for a short time it seemed as if they might succeed. Their left wing captured the ball, and broke away with it towards the English goal. There A. Smith shuffled it to Maxwell, who spun it between the posts despite the English goalkeeper, who slipped in making a big effort to save the situation. This, the first goal for Scotland, was received by the crowd with a mighty outburst of cheering—a welcome outlet for their long-suppressed emotions. This mishap was not altogether a loss for the English team, for they put new vigour into their efforts, and G. O. Smith was particularly prominent in his determination to score. Again and again he shot for goal, but the luck was in favour of Scotland. Not always. The English forwards, at one point, carried the ball clean through the Scottish defence. Then it was neatly tipped by G. O. Smith to Bloomer, who shot for goal with his usual cleverness, and as usual he succeeded. This was now the third goal for England, and seemed to place their chances of victory altogether beyond a doubt. And the certainty of their success was all the greater, because it was seen that the Scottish team, as a team, was playing wildly. The look of vigour and decision with which they had begun the second half of the game had now entirely disappeared. There were several bits of brilliant individual play—notably by A. Smith; but the want of combination and precision of movement was even more apparent at the end than at the beginning of the game. Drummond at back, and Cowan at half-back seemed to lose their heads, while the team as a whole made a sorry exhibition. Their friends, one may be sure, were not sorry to see the game ended, and even pleased to find that the defeat was no worse than three goals to one. Of the English team, on the other hand, their friends may well be proud. From start to finish they played a splendid game. And now that it is all over the partisans of both teams may have many emotions, but to the outsider there appears to be only one moral. To wit: Next year the Scottish Association should organize a steady combination, rather than select a brilliant crowd.

LIFE ASSURANCE DEVELOPMENTS.—VI.

LIFE OFFICES AND ACCIDENT BUSINESS.

THE developments we have dealt with in previous articles have been gradually proceeding for some little time past, but the adoption of accident business by life offices is an affair of the moment. The immediate cause of this development was the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act, which comes into force next July. It is felt on all hands that one result of this Act will be to give a very great impetus to accident insurance, and several proprietary life offices have determined to try to obtain a share of it. Among the life insurance companies which have already announced their intention of transacting accident business are the Guardian, Sun Life, National of Ireland, and Law Union and Crown, while it is probable that several other life offices will before long follow their example. There is an obviously close connexion between life insurance and sickness-and-accident-insurance. For instance, the insurance against fatal accidents may quite appropriately be included under either heading, and the connexion between the two branches of insurance has led to both classes of insurance being undertaken by several companies, although until very recently accident business has been left alone by companies of the highest standing. The Abstainers and General, London, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and Pioneer are offices which their most partial friends cannot claim to command brilliant success, while the Scottish Metropolitan, Scottish Life and Scottish Temperance, though making sound and steady progress, are small offices of comparatively recent formation. Besides the intrusion of life offices into accident business there is the adoption of life business by accident offices, the Scottish Accident and the

Sickness and Accident having both added "Life" to their title and life insurance to their business.

The effect of this new departure upon accident business can scarcely fail to be beneficial. If proprietary offices with large capital and extensive connexions for life and fire insurance take up accident business, the almost inevitable result will be to terminate the separate existence of many of the little accident offices that have hitherto carried on a more or less precarious and unsatisfactory existence. They will set a standard of financial strength with which the majority of the small accident companies will be unable to compete, and in all probability an effective combination will sooner or later arise which will fix a definite tariff for various kinds of risks in the same way as the fire offices that have combined for the purpose. Not improbably we shall see tariff and non-tariff accident companies, as we now see tariff and non-tariff fire offices. All the strong companies will adopt the tariff, and the non-tariff offices will be limited to weak companies, doing business on unsound lines, or to small but sound offices limiting their business to particular localities or industries. Such a development as this would probably be beneficial to both insurer and insured, for there are certain special features about accident insurance that make it important to policy-holders to be certain of the permanent stability of the company with which they insure. In the case of arrangements with employers to provide against the claims that may arise under the new Act, it is probable that the contracts with the office will have to be of a more or less permanent nature; that is to say, the insurance will not be able to be shifted from one office to another in the same manner as fire policies may, without appreciable loss. Consequently, it will be more necessary to feel confident of the stability of an accident office than of a fire office. Whether schemes will be devised for combining benefit funds for employees with the insurance against employers' liability, and whether the system of bonuses after a number of years will be applied to accident business, can scarcely be foretold, but, if either of these developments occurs, the permanence of the contract will be more necessary, and the stability of the companies will need to be the more carefully scrutinised.

Most of the accident companies also transact sickness insurance, whereby payments are guaranteed during illness, and already the bonus system is being satisfactorily applied to this class of business, so that here also the necessity arises for the maintenance of policies if loss by change of office is to be avoided. Sickness insurance is almost certain to develop to a large degree, and a combination of it with life insurance presents many advantages. Professional men, especially, are dependent upon their health for obtaining an income, and are realising more and more the necessity for providing against temporary loss of income through illness, and against total loss through permanent disablement. Moreover, special provision is made under various recent schemes for maintaining during temporary or permanent disablement the payment of premiums on life insurance policies, thus removing doubts that are sometimes felt as to the certainty of being able to keep life policies in force. For this and other reasons it is appropriate that some of the life offices should take up sickness and accident insurance, and their doing so can scarcely fail to weed out inferior accident companies and to strengthen the good accident offices.

There is, however, another side to the picture where the benefits are not so obvious. That the adoption of accident business will be beneficial to the holders of life policies is by no means certain. It may be urged that the same management can take charge of both classes of business; that the branch offices and agency staff will be available for both purposes, and that the connexions of the one business will be of benefit to the other. Precisely the same reasoning is applied to the combination of life and fire business: yet experience goes to show that on the whole the combination of life and fire insurance is not beneficial to the holders of life policies. At least a comparison between simple life offices and combined life and fire companies shows that, speaking generally, the simple life offices yield better results than those doing both classes of business. On

general principles this may perhaps be attributed to the benefits that nowadays are usually reckoned to result from specialisation. There are many reasons for thinking that an individual or an association that applies all its time to doing only one thing does it better than an individual or association that does several things, and the superiority of offices confining their attention to life insurance may be an instance of this principle. On more specific grounds the explanation may be that, as nearly all the companies doing both classes of business are proprietary offices, and as fire insurance yields bigger profits to shareholders than life insurance, the fire branch of the business receives the greater attention. It is possible that this may be the case with accident insurance as well. It is likely to be more lucrative for the shareholders than life business, out of which they can only receive a small proportion of surplus, and consequently the accident business may come to receive the greater attention as being the better calculated to increase dividends. On the other hand, if the bonus system is applied to accident insurance, the profits for shareholders are likely to be small, and in this case life business would receive the greater attention. If a mutual life office were to take up accident insurance, or if proprietary offices determined that the life policyholders should receive some profits from the accident business, it is possible that the adoption of accident business might increase the bonus on life policies, and therefore be beneficial to their holders. Again, it is possible that a company doing both accident and life insurance might resolve that the expenses of the life branch should be limited to a definite percentage of the premiums, say ten per cent. This is done by some fire offices, and is unquestionably beneficial to the life policyholders. It would, of course, only be possible to do this when the accident business had been greatly extended.

There are thus from a life policy-holder's point of view various questions to be considered in connection with the development which is now taking place and seems likely to grow to large proportions in the near future. It is not possible to prophesy as to the exact lines on which the change will be made, but it seems clear that the adoption of accident insurance by life offices will be undoubtedly beneficial to accident business. It may be beneficial to the holders of life policies if they are allowed to participate in the profits of the accident business either directly or by limitation of life expenses, or if the accident business yields dividends to shareholders that will enable them to be satisfied with a smaller proportion of the surplus arising from the life branch than they at present take. On the other hand, it would seem likely to be detrimental to the life policyholders if the profits of the accident business are such as to cause the development of that branch to receive, in the interests of the shareholders, the chief attention of the management.

THE DRAMA IN HOXTON.

OF late, I am happy to say, the theatres have been so uneventful that I should have fallen quite out of the habit of my profession but for a certain vigorously democratic clergyman, who seized me and bore me off to the last night of the pantomime at "the Brit." The Britannia Theatre is in Hoxton, not far from Shoreditch Church, a neighbourhood in which the "Saturday Review" is comparatively little read. The manager, a lady, is the most famous of all London managers. Sir Henry Irving, compared to her, is a mushroom, just as his theatre, compared to hers, is a back drawing-room. Over 4000 people pay nightly at her doors; and the spectacle of these thousands, serried in the vast pit and empyrean gallery, is so fascinating that the stranger who first beholds it can hardly turn away to look at the stage. Forty years ago Mrs. Sara Lane built this theatre; and she has managed it ever since. It may be no such great matter to handle a single playhouse—your Irvings, Trees, Alexanders, Wyndhams, and other upstarts of yesterday can do that; but Mrs. Lane is said to own the whole ward in which her theatre stands. Madame Sarah Bernhardt's diamonds fill a jewel-box: Mrs. Lane's are reputed to fill sacks. When I had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Lane, I thought of the occasion when the late Sir Augustus

Harris, her only serious rival in managerial fame, had the honour of being presented to me. The inferiority of the man to the woman was manifest. Sir Augustus was, in comparison, an hysterical creature. Enterprise was with him a frenzy which killed him when it reached a climax of success. Mrs. Lane thrives on enterprise and success, and is capable, self-contained, practical, vigilant, everything that a good general should be. A West End star is to her a person to whom she once gave so many pounds or shillings a week, and who is now, in glittering and splendid anxiety, begging for engagements, desperately wooing syndicates and potential backers, and living on Alnaschar dreams and old press notices which were unanimously favourable (if you excluded those which were obviously malignant personal attacks). Mrs. Lane, well furnished with realities, has no use for dreams; and she knows syndicates and capitalists only as suspicious characters who want her money, not as courted deities with powers of life and death in their hands. The fortune of her productions means little to her: if the piece succeeds, so much the better: if not, the pantomime pays for all.

The clergyman's box, which was about as large as an average Metropolitan railway station, was approached from the stage itself; so that I had opportunities of criticising both from before the curtain and behind it. I was struck by the absence of the worthless, heartless, incompetent people who seem to get employed with such facility—nay, sometimes apparently by preference—in West End theatres. The West End calculation for musical farce and pantomime appears to be that there is "a silver mine" to be made by paying several pounds a week to people who are worth nothing, provided you engage enough of them. This is not Mrs. Lane's plan. Mr. Bigwood, the stage-manager, is a real stage-manager, to whom one can talk on unembarrassed human terms as one capable man to another, and not by any means an erratic art failure from Bedford Park and the Slade School, or one of those beachcombers of our metropolitan civilisation who drift to the West End stage because its fringe of short-lived ventures provide congenial liars and impostors with unique opportunities of drawing a few months' or weeks' salary before their preoccupied and worried employers have leisure to realise that they have made a bad bargain. I had not the pleasure of making the prompter's acquaintance; but I should have been surprised to find him the only person in the theatre who could not read, though in the West I should have expected to find that his principal qualification. I made my way under the stage to look at the working of the star-trap by which Mr. Lupino was flung up through the boards like a stone from a volcano; and there, though I found eight men wasting their strength by overcoming a counterweight which, in an up-to-date French *théâtre de féerie*, is raised by one man with the help of a pulley, the carpenter-machinist in command was at once recognisable as a well-selected man. On the stage the results of the same instinctive sort of judgment were equally apparent. The display of beauty was sufficiently voluptuous; but there were no good-for-nothings: it was a company of men and women, recognisable as fellow-creatures, and not as accidentally pretty cretinous freaks. Even the low comedians were not blackguards, though they were certainly not fastidious, Hoxton being somewhat Rabelaisian in its ideas of broad humour. One scene, in which the horrors of sea-sickness were exploited with great freedom, made the four thousand sons and daughters of Shoreditch scream with laughter. At the climax, when four voyagers were struggling violently for a single bucket, I looked stealthily round the box, in which the Church, the Peerage and the Higher Criticism were represented. All three were in convulsions. Compare this with our West End musical farces, in which the performers strive to make some inane scene "go" by trying to suggest to the starving audience that there is something exquisitely loose and vicious beneath the dreary fatuity of the surface. Who would not rather look at and laugh at four men pretending to be seasick in a wildly comic way than see a row of young women singing a chorus about being "Gaiety Girls" with the deliberate intention of conveying to the audience that a Gaiety chorister's profession—their own

profession—is only a mask for the sort of life which is represented in Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square after midnight? I quite agree with my friend the clergyman that decent ladies and gentlemen who have given up West End musical farce in disgust will find themselves much happier at the Britannia pantomime.

I shall not venture on any searching artistic criticism of "Will o' the Wisp," as the pantomime was called. If it were a West End piece, I should pitch into it without the slightest regard to the prestige and apparent opulence of the manager, not because I am incorruptible, but because I am not afraid of the mere shadow of success. I treat its substance, in the person of Mrs. Lane, with careful respect. Show me real capacity; and I bow lower to it than anybody. All I dare suggest to the Hoxtonians is that when they insist on an entertainment lasting from seven to close upon midnight, they have themselves to thank if the actors occasionally have to use all their ingenuity to spin out scenes of which a judicious playgoer would desire to have at least ten minutes less.

The enthusiasm of the pit on the last night, with no stalls to cut it off from the performers, was frantic. There was a great throwing of flowers and confectionery on the stage; and it would happen occasionally that an artist would overlook one of these tributes, and walk off, leaving it unnoticed on the boards. Then a shriek of tearing anxiety would arise, as if the performer were wandering blindfold into a furnace or over a precipice. Every factory girl in the house would lacerate the air with a mad scream of "Pick it up, Topsy!" "Pick it up, Voylit!" followed by a gasp of relief, several thousand strong, when Miss Topsy Sinden or Miss Violet Durkin would return and annex the offering. I was agreeably astonished by Miss Topsy Sinden's dancing. Thitherto it had been my miserable fate to see her come on, late in the second act of some unspeakably dreary inanity at the West End, to interpolate a "skirt dance," and spin out the unendurable by the intolerable. On such occasions I have looked on her with cold hatred, wondering why the "varieties" of a musical farce should not include a few items from the conventional "assault-at-arms," culminating in some stalwart sergeant, after the usual slicing of lemons, leaden bars and silk handkerchiefs, cutting a skirt-dancer in two at one stroke. At the Britannia Miss Sinden really danced, acted, and turned out quite a charming person. I was not surprised; for the atmosphere was altogether more bracing than at the other end of the town. These poor playgoers, to whom the expenditure of half a guinea for a front seat at a theatre is as outrageously and extravagantly impossible as the purchase of a deer forest in Mars is to a millionaire, have at least one excellent quality in the theatre. They are jealous for the dignity of the artist, not derisively covetous of his (or her) degradation. When a white statue which had stood for thirteen minutes in the middle of the stage turned out to be Mr. Lupino, who forthwith put on a classic plasticity, and in a series of rapid poses claimed popular respect for "the antique," it was eagerly accorded; and his demon conflict with the powers of evil, involving a desperate broadsword combat, and the most prodigious plunges into the earth and projections therefrom by volcanic traps as aforesaid, was conducted with all the tragic dignity of Richard III. and received in the true Aristotelean spirit by the audience. The fairy queen, a comely prima donna who scorned all frivolity, was treated with entire respect and seriousness. Altogether, I seriously recommend those of my readers who find a pantomime once a year good for them, to go next year to the Britannia, and leave the West End to its boredom and all the otherdoms that make it so expensively dreary.

Oh, these sentimental, second-sighted Scotchmen! Reader: would you like to see me idealised by a master hand? If you would, buy the "Sunday Special" of the 3rd instant, and study Mr. Robert Buchanan's open letter to me. There you will find the ideal G. B. S. in "the daring shamelessness of a powerful and fearless nudity." This is the sort of thing that flatters a timid, sedentary literary man. Besides, it protects him: other people believe it all, and are afraid to hit the poor paper Titan. Far be it from me to say a word against so effective an advertisement; though when I con-

sider its generosity I cannot but blush for having taken in so magnanimous an idealiser. Yet a great deal of it is very true: Mr. Buchanan is altogether right, it seems to me, in identifying my views with his father's Owenism; only I claim that Comte's law of the three stages has been operating busily since Owen's time, and that modern Fabianism represents the positive stage of Owenism. I shall not plead against the highly complimentary charge of impudence in its proper sense of shamelessness. Shame is to the man who fights with his head what cowardice is to the man who fights with his hands: I have the same opinion of it as Bunyan put into the mouth of Faithful in the Valley of Humiliation. But I do not commit myself to Mr. Buchanan's account of my notions of practical reform. It is true that when I protest against our marriage laws, and Mr. Buchanan seizes the occasion to observe that "the idea of marriage, spiritually speaking, is absolutely beautiful and ennobling," I feel very much as if a Chinese mandarin had met my humanitarian objection to starving criminals to death or cutting them into a thousand pieces, by blandly remarking that "the idea of evil-doing leading to suffering is, spiritually speaking, absolutely beautiful and ennobling." If Mr. Buchanan is content to be forbidden to spiritually ennoble himself except under legal conditions so monstrous and immoral that no disinterestedly prudent and self-respecting person would accept them when free from amorous infatuation, then I am not. Mr. Buchanan's notion that I assume that "marriage is essentially and absolutely an immoral bargain between the sexes in so far as it conflicts with the aberrations and caprices of the human appetite," is a wildly bad shot. What on earth has marriage to do with the aberrations and caprices of human appetite? People marry for companionship, not for debauchery. Why that wholesome companionship should be a means of making amiable and honest people the helpless prey of drunkards, criminals, pestiferous invalids, bullies, viragoes, lunatics, or even persons with whom, through no fault on either side, they find it impossible to live happily, I cannot for the life of me see; and if Mr. Buchanan can, I invite him to give his reasons. Can any sane person deny that a contract "for better, for worse" destroys all moral responsibility? And is it not a revolting and indecent thing that any indispensable social contact should compulsorily involve a clause, abhorrent to both parties if they have a scrap of honour in them, by which the persons of the parties are placed at each other's disposal by legal force? These abominations may not belong to "the idea of marriage, spiritually speaking"; but they belong to the fact of marriage, practically speaking; and it is with this fact that I, as a Realist (Mr. Buchanan's own quite correct expression), am concerned. If I were to get married myself, I should resort to some country where the marriage law is somewhat less than five centuries out of date; and as this seems to me as unreasonable a condition for the ordinary man as a trip to Bayreuth is to the ordinary gallery opera-goer, I do what I can to relieve him of it, and make married people as responsible for their good behaviour to one another as business partners are. Hereupon Mr. Buchanan discourses in the following terms:—"The Naked Man [me!] posing as a realist, cries, 'away with sanctions! let us have no more of them;' but the man who is clothed and in his right mind knows that they are inevitable and accepts them." Did anyone ever hear such nonsense? Do the Americans accept them? Do the French accept them? Would we accept them but for our national preference for hypocrisy eked out with collusive divorce cases? I have no objection to Mr. Buchanan idealising me; but when he takes to idealising the English law at its stupidest, he oversteps my drawn line. I am none the less obliged to him for giving me an excuse for another assault on these patent beautifiers and ennoblers without which, it is assumed, we should all fall to universal rapine, though the danger of license is plainly all the other way. I verily believe that if the percentage of happy marriages ever rises to, say, twenty-five, the existence of the human intellect will be threatened by the very excesses against which our marriage law is supposed to protect us.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

BUSINESS has been almost at a standstill on the Stock Exchange during the week, with the exception, of course, of the alternate triumphs of the "bulls" and the "bears" in the American Market. Although the political situation in the Far East is clear since the Ministerial statement on Tuesday, and the West African difficulty is practically at an end, the holiday and the approaching end of the account, which closes next week, have made both dealers and the public chary of entering upon fresh business until the Spanish-American crisis is ended one way or another. It does not much matter in reality whether war is declared or not, provided the uncertainty is ended. If war breaks out, American rails are more likely to recover than not; and the only effect to be feared is a heavy fall in Spanish and its result upon the Paris market. The panicky feeling on the Stock Exchange has largely disappeared. There are few heavy commitments at the present time, and even in case of war there are no further considerable falls to be feared in any department. The Money Market was distinctly easier at the beginning of the week, but in spite of the release of a large amount in dividends the heavy drain of gold to the United States has brought about a greater stringency, and it is again expected that the Bank rate may be raised to $3\frac{1}{2}$, or even 4 per cent. Consols have fallen $\frac{1}{8}$ since last week.

In the Home Railway Market business has been exceedingly dull. There have been a few fluctuations in sympathy with the American Market, but favourable anticipations with regard to the holiday traffics have had their effect and there is at present a firmer tendency, and with a clearer political atmosphere there is likely to be an improvement very soon. Changes since last week have been slight. Midland Deferred and Preferred have each risen $\frac{1}{2}$, Great Northern Preferred $\frac{1}{2}$, and Great Central Ordinary has fallen $\frac{1}{2}$. The traffic returns of the week show no special feature. Below we give our table showing the net yield to the investor of British Railway Stocks.

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 6 April	Yield p. c. s. d.
Great Northern "A"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	50	5 0 0
Great Northern Deferred ...	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 4 8
Brighton Deferred	7	175 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 19 10
Caledonian Deferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 15 0
North Eastern	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 13 2
Midland Deferred	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	87 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 12 0
North Western	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	199	3 11 7
South Eastern Deferred ...	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	109 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 10 11
Brighton Ordinary	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	186	3 9 10
Great Western	6	172	3 9 9
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	147	3 9 7
Great Northern Preferred ...	4	119	3 7 2
Caledonian Ordinary	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	155	3 6 11
South Eastern Ordinary ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	150	3 6 1
Caledonian 1st Preferred ...	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	136 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5 11
South Western Deferred ...	3	92	3 5 2
South Western Ordinary ...	7	223 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 2 0
Midland Preferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 18 8
Metropolitan	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	129	2 18 1
Great Eastern	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 17 9
Great Central Preferred ...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 4 5

American Rails have naturally been much disturbed. On Monday many peace rumours were about, and in particular the definite statement from Madrid that the Pope had undertaken to be mediator in the Cuban dispute gave quite a cheerful tone to the market, and rises of two points and more on the day were common. At the close of Tuesday, however, statements regarding the warlike tone of President McKinley's message to Congress began to circulate, and nearly all the advances were lost again. On Wednesday the decline continued in the early part of the day, but later the statement that the Message had been postponed until Tuesday again caused a better feeling, although most stocks at the close showed a decline on the day. In spite of the excellent traffic returns of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk lines, they also have suffered

in sympathy with Americans. The Grand Trunk meeting on Tuesday was rather a disappointment, for it was hoped that the chairman might hold forth the hope of a speedy settlement of the rate war. Instead, his remarks on the whole seemed to indicate that the dispute is likely to continue for some time. The following table gives the net yield of a few selected American railways, based on last year's dividends paid. In many cases the actual earnings would have made possible bigger dividends, and business since has on most of the lines largely increased.

NET YIELD OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends paid 1897.	Price 6 April	Net Yield.	s.	d.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. P.	5	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	5	8	11
Atchison Adjustment.....	3	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	19	2
Illinois Central	5	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	17	6
Denver Preference	2	44 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	9	10
Pennsylvania (\$50)	5	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	5	10
Southern Preference	1	26 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	14	9
New York Central.....	4	113 $\frac{1}{2}$	3	10	5
Lake Shore (\$100).....	6	185	3	4	10
Norfolk and West Pref. ..	1	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	2	10
Northern Pacific Pref.	1	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	11	5

The Industrial Market has been quite featureless. The general tendency has been good, but no movement is possible until the Cuban question is settled and the holidays are over. There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed in various quarters with regard to the Lipton allotments, which do not appear to have been exactly judicious. Small lots continue to dribble into the market and the premium is still under 1, though there is evidently a determination in some important quarters to keep it as high as possible. Moreover there is still a lot of bear covering to be done. The one thing the market likes is the promptitude with which the allotment has been carried out. So also much satisfaction has been expressed at the even greater despatch with which the Vi-Cocoa allotment has been completed, and the shares appear, moreover, to have been distributed more in accordance with some defined plan than was the case with the Lipton issue. There has been some movement in Spiers & Pond shares, on account of the new departure the Company is making in entering into competition with the A.B.C. and Lyons' tea-shops. We repeat below our table of the net yield at their present price of a number of industrial undertakings on the basis of the past year's dividends.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 6 April.	Yield per cent. s. d.
Paquin	10	1	10 0 0
National Explosives	11	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 7 7
Bovril Deferred	5	60	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary	7	18s. 6d.	7 11 4
Mazawattee Tea	8	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 16 4
Linotype Deferred (£5)	9	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 16 1
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 6 8
Holborn & Frascati	10 (1)	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 6 8
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 6 8
Linotype Ordinary	6	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 2 1
Lister & Co. (£10)	2	4	5 0 0
Telegraph Construc. (£12) ..	15	36 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 18 7
Pawsons & Leafs (£10) ² ..	5	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 16 0
Salmon & Gluckstein ...	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 16 0
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	16	4 13 9
Jay's	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	38	4 12 1
Price's Candles (£16)	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	36	4 10 8
Harrod's Stores	20	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 10
Vicars, Son & Maxim ...	15	37 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 7 3
Bryant & May (£5)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	20	4 5 6
Jones & Higgins	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	21	4 4 5
Swan & Edgar	5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 0 0
Wallis & Co. (£5)	10	14	3 11 5
J. & P. Coats (£10)	20	60 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 6 1
Aerated Bread	40	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 2 8
Hydraulic Power (£100) ..	8	275	2 18 2

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent. (2) £6 paid.

In the case of industrial companies, as we have already pointed out, it is necessary in every case to have regard to the position of the undertaking, whether profits are increasing or decreasing, whether a substantial reserve fund is being accumulated, and whether the business is such as will permit of legitimate expansion. Otherwise a high yield may be a sign rather of weakness than of strength. This is, however, certainly not the case with the industrial security which stands at the top of our list. The first annual meeting of Paquin, Limited, was held on Tuesday last, and the chairman, Mr. John Barker, J.P., was able to make a most satisfactory statement to the shareholders. The last complete year before the Company took over the undertaking showed a profit of £46,000. The first year's work of the new Company has resulted in a profit of £60,000, an increase of £14,000, and this in spite of the fact that the new London branch of the business has only just got under way, that the new tariff in the United States, where Paquin's formerly did a large business, has proved almost prohibitive to the importation of dresses, and that the fire at the charity bazaar in Paris put a large part of the aristocratic clientèle of the firm into mourning. The second year's working will in all probability show a largely increased profit. As it is, a dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid on the ordinary shares, nearly £8000 has been placed to reserve and over £2000 is carried forward. At their present price, Paquin shares seem an admirable investment.

The debenture issue of the Linotype Company, in spite of the unfavourable condition of market, has been well received. The extraordinary success the Company has achieved in the past four years, thanks to the capacity and energy of the chairman, Mr. J. Lawrence, and the progress it continues to make, quite rightly inspire confidence. The lucky investors who bought the shares at 10s. each five years ago and stuck to them have, taking into consideration the present market price and the dividends they have received, obtained about 68 per cent. per annum. The position of the Company is now strong enough to defy any competition at present in sight, and the new works which are being erected and the new developments of the business cannot fail to increase dividend distributions in the future. As will be seen from our list of industrial companies the Ordinary shares at the present price yield £5 2s. 1d. per cent. to the investor, the Deferred £5 16s. 1d. per cent. on the basis of the dividends paid last year. The Company has moreover built up a reserve fund of £260,000, so that it is to be reckoned amongst one of the soundest and most promising of industrial undertakings.

In South Africans there has been a notable undercurrent of strength in spite of the utter lack of business. The heavy falls in this department during the past two months have shaken out all weak holders, and further declines are improbable even should there be war. But until the question is decided no one feels disposed to enter upon any fresh commitments. Next Tuesday is the mining carry-over day, and what changes there have been since the last settlement have been nearly all in favour of holders. By the time the market meets again after the holidays most of the March crushings will be announced, and if these are favourable they may give the market a push which will send everything up with a jump. Rand Mines continue to vary with every rumour of war or peace, almost as if the deep-level mines of the Rand were in Cuba, but this of course is due to the state of the Paris market and to the sensitiveness of the shares. Holders of Rand Mines will be much more at ease when the proposed splitting of the shares is carried out and their fluctuations in value are less violent. The Robinson Deep, we learn, commenced crushing on Wednesday last with 40 stamps. Rhodesian shares have also developed a favourable tone since the arrival of Mr. Rhodes in England and his rumoured return along with Mr. Beit to the Chartered Company's Board. Geelongs, to which we have already called the attention of our readers, have been a good deal in evidence, and there are various sensational rumours

afloat with regard to the mine, which may or may not be true. What is certain is that a great deal is expected from it by those who know; some go even so far as to say that it will be the saviour of Rhodesia. We may hear something more about it when the Chartered Company's meeting is held towards the end of this month.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 1 April.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Rietfontein A.....	35	1 7/8	70(2)	18
Henry Nourse (1)	150	8 1/8	12	15
Ginsberg	50	2	8	15
Comet	50	2 1/8	18	15
Pioneer (2)	500	9 1/2	1	11
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	8 1/2	6	11
Crown Reef (3)	200	12	8	10
Ferreira	350	24 1/2	17	10
Glencairn	35	2	11	10
Jumpers (4)	80	4 1/2	8	10
Wemmer	150	8 1/2	10	9
Jubilee (5)	75	7	8	8
Primrose	60	3 1/2	10	8
Roodepoort United ...	50	3 1/2	15	8
City and Suburban (6)...	15	5 1/8	17	7
Geldenhuis Estate.....	100	4 1/2	7	7
Meyer and Charlton ...	70	4 1/2	10	7
Robinson (7)	20	8 1/2	16	7
Treasury (8)	10	3 1/2	13	7
May Consolidated	35	2 1/2	9	6
Heriot	100	7 1/2	12	6
Wolhuter	10	5 1/8	40	6
Angelo	75	5	8(8)	5
Princess	15	1 1/2	20(2)	5
Durban Roodepoort ...	80	5 1/8	9	4 1/2
Worcester	60	2 1/2	4	4
Langlaagte Estate ...	30	3 1/2	15	4

(1) 42 deep-level claims, valued at £250,000. (2) Owns 23 D.L. claims, valued at £110,000. (3) 51 1/2 deep-level claims, valued at £250,000, and 47 water-right claims. (4) 52 D.L. claims, valued at £100,000. (5) 18 D.L. claims, valued at £200,000. (6) £4 shares. (7) £5 shares. (8) Poorer North Reef ore not taken into account.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 1 April.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Robinson Deep (1)	200	9 1/2	20	17
Durban Deep (2)	50	3 1/2	15	15
*Crown Deep	200	11 1/2	16	13
*Rose Deep	105	6	15	12
*Nourse Deep	60	4 1/2	43	11
*Bonanza	108(8)	3 1/2	5	9
*Village Main Reef (4)	75	5	13	8
*Geldenhuis Deep	70(3)	6 1/2	23	7
*Jumpers Deep	40	5	36	6
*Simmer and Jack	4 1/2(8)	3(3)	30	5
Glen Deep	18	2 1/2	25	5
Langlaagte Deep	21	2 1/2	15	5

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (1) Started crushing with 40 stamps on 6 April. (2) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (3) Calculated on actual profits of working. (4) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value £200,000, allowed for in estimate. (5) £5 shares.

The recent amalgamation of the Van Ryn Estate and the Van Ryn West is likely to result in considerable benefit to the shareholders of both Companies. It will be remembered that Mr. George Albu was appointed managing director of the properties in South Africa after the amalgamation, and his first step was to have a thorough examination made of the condition of the two mines by a well-known and able mining engineer,

Mr. Denny. From the long and exhaustive report which Mr. Denny has presented, it is evident that the past management of the properties has left much to be desired. The Van Ryn reefs range only from three inches to twelve inches in thickness, and in mining them a large proportion of waste rock is necessarily taken out along with the gold-bearing ore. In such a case, very careful sorting is necessary in order to avoid crushing worthless stone, but the sorting arrangements at both the Van Ryn mines have been something more than imperfect. Mr. Denny estimates that at least 35 per cent. of waste rock should be sorted out. When this is done, it is hoped to be able to bring the grade of the ore up to not less than 9 dwts. per ton. With working costs at 25s., this will indicate a profit of about 10s. per ton, and with the eighty-stamp mill which it is proposed to work, the total annual profits should be close upon £80,000. The capital of the combined companies, including new capital raised, is £400,000, so that when the new management has made the necessary improvements and has got to work, it is not too much to hope that dividends of 20 per cent. may be earned.

Westralians have been as inactive as the rest, and there are absolutely no movements of importance to chronicle. Even "Terrors" are stagnant. Indeed, they are slowly drooping, and one can only conclude that Mr. Bottomley's magnanimity is so great that he is actually allowing them to fall, so that the "bears" he holds in the hollow of his hand may get off still more lightly. With £5,000,000 of gold in sight, and a heavily oversold "bear" account, no other explanation is possible, for, of course, to suppose that Mr. Bottomley did not keep strictly to the truth in his speech at the Northern Territories meeting is out of the question. We hope the operators he has spared will not repay him with rank ingratitude when he wants them to do him a good turn.

It is odd how Company promoters like to pay for things in scrip. Hard cash they are loth to part with, but when they can discharge an obligation by handing over pieces of paper which may or may not be of value they are quite happy. One day, at the present rate, there will be no cash dividends at all. A good deal of cheap fun has been made of the plaintiff in the case of Rucker *versus* Calvert, but after all his only mistake was to have placed confidence in a friend. Mr. Rucker paid Mr. Calvert, of West Australian fame, £14,000 in cash for a share in his racehorses. Mr. Calvert paid him the money back in deferred shares of the Imperial Western Australian Corporation, supposed to be worth at least the amount of the debt, but in reality unsaleable. The Chairman of the Corporation, Mr. Sidney Chambers, declared in his evidence, indeed, that he considered the deferred shares quite valueless, and if any one ought to know he should. However, Mr. Calvert agreed on Monday to pay up to the extent of £10,000, and Mr. Rucker agreed to withdraw the charge of fraud, so all is well that ends well. Mr. Rucker at least comes out of the affair with credit, for it is scarcely a reproach to a man to have placed confidence in a friend. But what a curious mind Mr. Calvert must have, even for a Company promoter.

NEW ISSUES.

LINOTYPE DEBENTURES.

The Linotype Company, Limited, issues £250,000 of 4 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures at the price of £102 per £100, repayable at £105 in 1923. The Company, however, reserves the right to redeem the whole or any part before that date at £107. The debentures are secured as a First Mortgage on the freehold land, houses and other permanent assets of the Company. The object of the issue is to provide funds to complete the capital outlay of upwards of £400,000 for the Company's new works at Broadheath, near Manchester, as well as to provide further working capital and to acquire the Colonial and Continental patents of the Linotype machine. The Linotype Company, after its early struggles, has now become one of the most solid industrial undertakings, and its profits are increasing

very rapidly. Last year they amounted to over £140,000, and since the total amount required to pay the interest on the debentures is only £10,000, they may be considered a sound and remunerative investment.

GEORGE INGHAM & CO., LIMITED.

The business of Mr. George Ingham, worsted spinner, is well known in the West Riding of Yorkshire, but on the whole the Company which has been formed to take over the business will be better left to the people of Halifax and Bradford, who are qualified to judge of the present value of the undertaking. The capital of the Company is £100,000, of which 4500 five per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each, and 4500 Ordinary shares of £10 each, are at present issued. The directors, who are all well-known business men in the neighbourhood, show their confidence in the Company by taking up £23,000 of the capital; and the assets of the business, including allowance for goodwill, are valued at £55,000. This is apparently the price that is being paid for the business, since the sum of £35,000 is set aside for working capital. The certificate of past profits leaves something to be desired, the average annual profits for the past five years being put down at £9000. In one year, however, it is admitted that the profit earned was only £5500. If the average profits can be maintained the ordinary shares should obtain a satisfactory dividend, but the worsted manufacture is notoriously not flourishing at the present time, and there is nothing in the accountant's certificate to show that the profits have not been regularly diminishing during the period which it covers.

MONARCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

A novel fire-lighter and a cycle-stand do not seem to provide a very wide basis of operations for a "sound industrial concern," as the Monarch Manufacturing Company, Limited, describes itself at the head of its prospectus. Hypothetical profits promise a dividend of 20 per cent. on the capital of £20,000 which the public is asked to subscribe for these two patents of "a most promising and highly lucrative character." One would have thought that the three directors could have found the capital, and have kept the 20 per cent. for themselves; but experience has shown that there is no limit to the generosity of the gentlemen who issue prospectuses.

SCOTTISH CORPORATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Scottish Corporation of British Columbia is formed with a capital of £100,000 in £1 shares, of which 50,000 are now issued, as a parent company to develop and work by means of subsidiary companies various gold-bearing properties in the Rossland district. The purchase price of the properties, to be acquired has been fixed at £40,000, payable wholly in shares if the directors so desire. The £10,000 which remains for working capital will not, one would think, go very far towards developing the properties, and no doubt it will not be long before we hear of other companies to be ushered into existence by the Scottish Corporation. The prospectus waxes eloquent with regard to the mineral wealth of British Columbia in general and the Rossland district in particular, and it is a clever move to have enlisted the services as local directors of two gentlemen connected with the famous Le Roi mine. At this stage, however, it is probably not expected that the public should take a hand in the deal. Its turn will come when the subsidiary companies appear.

G. & C. AND E. NUTHALL & SONS, LIMITED.

A confectionery and general provider's business at Kingston-on-Thames seems rather dear at £81,100, the price which G. & C. and E. Nuthall & Sons, Limited, is paying the vendor of the two business of G. & C. Nuthall and E. Nuthall & Sons, of Kingston-on-Thames, even although we are assured that "the number of the honoured patrons of the businesses is large." In addition to the share capital of £100,000 in £1 shares, of which £50,000 are at present issued, there is also £40,000 worth of Debenture Stock. The total certified profits are only given in averages for three and two years, and even then only amount to £7500 a year, with no allowance for rent of business

premises, for wear and tear of plant, or for management. The promoters evidently hope that the "honoured patrons" will subscribe to the issue. We do not think it likely that the general public will do so.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

No. 709 G Street, N.W. Washington, D.C.
11 March, 1898.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In answer to an implied inquiry contained in your recent review of Mr. Davis's book, let me say that perhaps two-thirds of the fighting insurgents are white Cubans of remote Spanish descent, but not "Spanish colonists" in any other sense than an American is an Englishman. The line is sharply drawn on both sides.

The Spaniards or "Spanish colonists" of the island are very numerous, ultra-loyal to the point of ferocity, and make up the "volunteers" whom you hear of. They also provide some part of the material of the bands of guerrillas, confused by your reviewer I think with the revolutionists. These guerrillas kill the pacificos, because the latter are Cuban in sympathy. The revolutionists hang the guerrillas without mercy, although the Spanish regulars meet with good treatment as a rule when captured.

A Spaniard or Spanish colonist is a man born in Spain, or immediately descended from such a man: and he adheres to the Spanish side. Most often he is a Catalan, although there are representatives from central and southern Spain, and many Canary Islanders among the Spanish colonists. The guerrillas are said to be largely made up of the refuse of all nations.

When the war began, the proportion of black and yellow to white Cubans was greater than it is now. With increasing prospects of success, more and more of the responsible persons have joined the insurgents. One of their most notable men, General Rabi, is said to be an Indian, and a descendant of one of the Indian chieftains. There may be a few more of the same race among his following. There are lastly a few dozen of English-speaking young men, chiefly from this country, who have fought for Cuba, but there does not seem to be any appreciable non-Cuban element contending against the Spaniard now. The blacks of the mountains in the eastern end of the island have always been among the most irreconcilable enemies of Spanish rule. A considerable force of these followed the Maceos, doing good service. Gomez and Garcia, the chief commanders, are white men of remote Spanish descent; so are the President Maso, the late President Salvador Cisneros, the Marquis of Santa Lucia, Cespedes, the son of the first Cuban President, now in charge of the civil administration of El Oriente (Santiago de Cuba Province), and a notable majority of the most active surviving leaders.

Mr. Davis was writing, I suppose, primarily for readers in the United States, where these matters are, naturally, better understood. I have not read his book, but have followed every phase and most of the significant details of the war from the beginning, for reasons of my own. You will get the true significance if you conceive it as a struggle to the death between Spanish troops and Spanish-born immigrants on the one side and a composite Cuban force on the other, this force being perhaps one-third black or half-caste and two-thirds white of remote Spanish ancestry but acquired Cuban idiosyncrasy, hating Spain with the deadliest possible hatred.—I remain, sir, yours truly,

WM. H. BABCOCK.

THE STATE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burlington Fine Arts Club, Savile Row, London,
6 April, 1898.

SIR,—Your article on the State of the National Gallery, which displays a mastery of subject and "expertise" of no ordinary kind, is of the utmost importance to all those who interest themselves in the development of the magnificent collection of pictures in Trafalgar Square.

According to your own admission the Director is no

longer responsible, and yet you "slate" him severely, whilst you let off the more responsible Trustees almost entirely without reproof. Nor should you censure the Director or Trustees for occasionally adding works of minor importance in completion of the "historical" links of a collection which is intended to illustrate the development and "outcome" of schools.

There are many painters, held to be "second rate" to-day, who in a decade or two may be regarded as being in the first rank. We are all too apt to judge the importance of a work of art from the standpoint of the money value of the day. It is well within our recollection that the works of such painters as Franz Hals once fetched a few sovereigns (and not so very long ago); yet had the then Director of the National Gallery purchased the paintings of Hals when they were so little thought of, the probability is that the critics of those days would have scoffed at and censured him for adding them to the National collection. And although Franz Hals, by the side of Rembrandt, dwindles into a caricaturist, it would now be regrettable if this master "of the 'bravura' of the brush" had not been represented in Trafalgar Square. Hals too was the founder of a great school and many of his pupils produced works above the ordinary merit.

Almost the last purchases of the late Director were two works by W. C. Duyster, a Dutch painter, a follower of Hals, unheard of a few years since; yet in point of excellence he is almost on a level with the painting of Terborgh himself.

A National collection should not be only a congregation of masterpieces by the acknowledged great masters; it is a mistake to go on exemplifying the latter, as has been the case, by adding works much inferior to those already possessed.

The most difficult problem your article propounds is the finding of the Director, "the man of ability and strength of character." One can hardly imagine a person, who whilst being an artist, shall also be an "expert judge" of English, Dutch, Italian and Spanish art; and yet this is what the Director of our National Gallery is wanted and expected to be. The qualification necessary for a National Gallery directorship is, that he must have been or be an artist, and so long as this is really a *sine-quâ-non*, the difficulty of finding the right man will always be greater.

In Germany, Holland and France there are many young men of education, whose worldly position sets them above the consideration of "Brot Noth," and who take up the study of art systematically; and of late years there has arisen a "cult" of the "art historian" (Kunst Historiker), whose mission seems to be to make researches in European archives, and to try and knock into a "cocked hat" all the time-honoured traditions of the past; yet from amongst these come many first-rate judges and experts who find their way to the directorships of the art museums and galleries of Europe. And these, particularly in Germany and Holland, are, without doubt, most ably administered.—I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

HENRY J. PFUNGST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Grayswood, Haslemere, 5 April, 1898.

SIR,—While you are dealing with the subject of the National Gallery you may be interested to hear that the Spanish picture, 1308, "Portrait of a Gentleman," which is attributed to Del Mazo, was painted by a member of the family of Escosura. He is, I believe, still living, and when I last saw him, in the National Gallery, he told me that he had taken the pose from the famous "Portrait of a Sculptor," by Velasquez, now in the Prado, and the drapery, together with the red and silver of the costume, from the famous Rose portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa, by Velasquez, also in the Museo del Prado. I do not know how the picture came into the possession of Mr. Crompton Roberts. Señor Escosura told me that he had given it to a London dealer many years ago.

I have called attention to this several times, but, though the authorities are good enough to say that they do not believe in the genuineness of the painting, yet I see that students are still allowed to copy it in perfect good faith.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES TERRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 4 April, 1898.

SIR,—I have read the letter published in your issue of 2 April, on the "State of the National Gallery," signed by "The Writer of the Article," and in reply wish to make two statements.

Your correspondent says that I had "a case" against Sir Edward Poynter, which has been already decided. I have no case, and never had one against Sir Edward Poynter. I have never had but one interview with him, and it did not last twenty minutes. In that time, he decided that not one of two hundred pictures was worthy of the acceptance of the City of London.

Your correspondent adds: "Had Sir Edward Poynter shown the same good sense in the difficult conduct of the National Gallery, as he did in the simple matter of Mr. Sellar's collection, the article on the National Gallery could never have appeared in your columns."

I can show the "Writer of the Article" the pictures rejected by Sir Edward Poynter, and I challenge him to point out one picture by rejecting which Sir Edward Poynter showed "good sense."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
D. P. SELLAR.

"THE OPEN DOOR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We have been told by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a memorable speech that the one policy really vital to the interests of this country is that of the open door for British trade, and that this policy must be upheld even "at the cost of war." He has only to refer to a speech, no less memorable, by his own chief, Lord Salisbury, to learn why it is necessary for him to invoke the awful spectre of a great war. "We have to open the doors to the access of trade," Lord Salisbury once explained, "when the keys have unfortunately been thrown away by the mistakes of our predecessors." Their mistake was the fatal resolve never to fight tariffs by tariffs. Again, to quote Lord Salisbury, "What I desire to impress on you is that, under cover of this fetish worship of a set of doctrines that are called Free Trade, but which are not Free Trade, you are excluded from these acts of self-defence, and that so long as you are thus excluded you may sigh in vain for justice in fiscal matters." It is for this reason that the speaker has now had to inform a deputation of West Africa merchants that he has little hope of approaching the French Government with success for relief from the crushing tariffs on our trade in that region. And here, too, the alternative is war.

By the irony of fate we are to go to war to gratify the "manes" of Cobden and of Bright. Is there no public man in England who has the courage to tell the people that they are being called upon to undertake the awful risk of a great war in order that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord Farrer and the "Free Trade" Pump known as the Cobden Club may indulge in their "fetish worship" of the great false prophet, who induced England to adopt his policy on the strength of assurances which time and experience have shown to be absolutely wrong? Your obedient servant,
J. H. R.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hôtel de Provence, Cannes.

DEAR SIR,—There seems to be a general impression abroad that the Chinese Empire is crumbling to pieces, and that, not only on account of the looseness of the links connecting that huge country, but also on account of the absence of fighting qualities in its inhabitants. I have myself paid two visits to China and have sojourned in various parts of the country; and I am convinced that it might still be made a formidable power if Sir Robert Hart were allowed to organize a trained army of natives under a man possessing such qualities of leadership as Gordon. It is a great mistake to believe that the Chinese are destitute of military qualities; they are, on the contrary, brave, temperate and docile, as Gordon and others have proved. But discipline, honest treatment and good officers are wanting. In 1858 Captain Temple—brother of the Archbishop—trained a

large regiment of coolies at Canton, and made them very efficient and steady. In the second expedition under Sir Hope Grant they behaved with great courage, as one of the best soldiers we can boast of, namely, Sir F. Stephenson, has, I believe, testified.—Yours truly,
J. C. D. MORRISON, Colonel.

ACCESS TO KLONDYKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ottawa, 8 March, 1898.

SIR,—In your Notes of 19 February (p. 243) you find it difficult to "make much of the wrangle between Canada and the United States over the access to Klondyke question." The question is a many-sided one which I do not now propose to argue, but it may be well to point out the main underlying fact. The recent rich discoveries of gold in the Yukon District have occurred in Canadian territory, where any miner may obtain a claim on equal terms, no matter what his nationality may be. In the adjacent United States territory of Alaska (and generally in the United States) no one can enjoy any rights of the kind except citizens of the United States or those who have taken the preliminary steps to become citizens of that country. The Canadian Government has not so far given way to the representations made in the press and by various public bodies to adopt a similar policy, and to restrict to British subjects all mining rights on lines similar to those adopted in the neighbouring Republic, although the majority of those entering the Klondyke region are, as a matter of fact, citizens of that country. But the continued effort of the United States to maintain the undefined Alaskan "coast strip" as a customs wall around Canadian territory, and to fortify this wall by burdensome restrictions to Canadian trade in the interests of a few towns on the west coast of the Union, may end, as it seems probable, by such action on the part of Canada as will preclude foreigners from acquiring or holding mining claims. Such action appears to be the most legitimate line of defence against tactics of the kind above mentioned.—Yours truly,

GEORGE M. DAWSON.

MRS. STEEL'S STORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 March, 1898.

SIR,—Mrs. Steel, desiring, I suppose, to prove her ignorance of Mr. Kipling's works, has considerably distorted his story "Without Benefit of Clergy," in her "synopsis." The woman is not deserted by the Englishman, nor does she die of a broken heart. She dies of cholera, in the arms of her lover. But I suspect that your reviewer was thinking of another story by Mr. Kipling, called "Beyond the Pale." Here Mrs. Steel's method of comparison may disclose some more striking resemblances. The "Synopsis" of "On the Second Story" is her own.

"Beyond the Pale."

A Hindu widow is visited at her house by an Englishman. His proposals are not recorded. The relations of the widow discover the *liaison* and cut off the widow's hands, in order to appease their own sense of the fitness of things.

N.B.—She lives on the ground floor.

Mrs. Steel asks for a connecting rope, with which to hang herself for plagiarism. I hope I shall not be held an accessory to her suicide.—Yours, &c., W. F. G.

"On the Second Story."

A Hindu widow meets a Hindu schoolmaster at a shrine. He proposes elopement, but the priests overhear and cut off the widow's head in order to appease the goddess.

N.B.—She lives in the basement.

"FAME, THE FIDDLER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Arolsen Lodge, Wimbledon, S.W.

29 March, 1898.

SIR,—Honest criticism, however severe, no man objects to, but when a reviewer descends to misrepresentation it is time for an author to protest. My book has aimed at presenting a picture of an absolute existing Bohemia in London, as Henri Mürger presented

certain phases of Bohemian life in Paris. That I am a long way behind Mürger in my power of description is neither here nor there. I have done my best perhaps. To say that "the trail of tenth-rate journalism is all over it and over its characters" is deliberately false. I know nothing of tenth-rate journalism, so am unable to write of it. Your reviewer has his knowledge, I have none, of this section of his own craft. If this gentleman knows not the Bohemia I describe, which has a very real existence in the heart of London, then he has no right to sit in judgment upon a work whose value, whose truth and honesty, he is unable to gauge or dispute. His childish criticism of the verse he quotes is beneath contempt. If he cannot be smart on his own account, he should at least refrain from making himself ridiculous. The "slashings" of the "Saturday Review" I do not mind. "Fame, the Fiddler" is the third work of mine that has been honoured with the point of the "slash" in the "Saturday Review" during the past few months. What I am afraid of is its praise.—Yours faithfully,

S. J. ADAIR FITZ-GERALD.

[So far, it seems scarcely probable that Mr. Fitz-Gerald need fear our praise.—Ed. S. R.]

ENGLISH v. FRENCH: COMPARATIVE ESTIMATES.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eland House, Lavender Hill, S.W.

SIR,—There are one or two paragraphs in a recent issue of the "Saturday Review" dealing with Victor Hugo's expressed contempt for English prose—"there is no prose in England;" and the "Review's" last sentence on the subject is as follows: "Thus we come to the conclusion that French prose is better than English prose, while English poetry is better than French poetry."

I have, Sir, read the paragraphs in the "Saturday Review" on this matter with great interest, and they have just been brought very forcibly to my recollection. I happened to be reading Blair's lectures, and came suddenly on a page which would seem to offer itself both in correction of Victor Hugo's supercilious attitude and in corroboration of the judgment of the "Saturday Review."

On page 218 (Blair's Lectures, vol. i., second edition. London, 1785) we read: "Few languages are in fact more copious than English. In all grave subjects, especially historical, critical, political and moral, no writer has the least reason to complain of the barrenness of our tongue. The studious reflecting genius of the people has brought together great force of expression on such subjects from every quarter."

"We are rich, too, in the language of poetry. Our poetical style differs widely from prose, not in point of numbers only, but in the very words themselves; which shows what a stock and compass of words we have it in our power to select and employ, suited to these different occasions. Herein we are infinitely superior to the French, whose poetical language, if it were not distinguished by rhyme, would not be known to differ from their ordinary prose."

"It is chiefly, indeed, on grave subjects, with respect to the stronger emotions of the mind, that our language displays its power of expression. We are said to have thirty words, at least, for denoting all the varieties of the passion of anger [the thirty words are printed as a foot-note in the volume]; but in describing more delicate sentiments and emotions our tongue is not so fertile. It must be confessed that the French language far surpasses ours in expressing the necessary shades of character, especially those varieties of manner, temper, and behaviour which are displayed in our social intercourse with one another. Let any one attempt to translate into English only a few pages of Marivaux's novels and he will soon be sensible of our deficiency of expression on these subjects. Indeed, no language is so copious as French for whatever is delicate, gay, and amusing. It is perhaps the best language for conversation in the known world, but on the higher subjects of composition the English may be justly esteemed to excel it considerably."

Thus, Sir, Blair goes even further than the "Saturday Review." As to poetry he gives judgment entirely,

as the "Review" also does, against the French; and as to prose he divides the honours, giving the Anglo-Saxon, however, somewhat more than the Gaul. The "Saturday Review" would mercifully allow the French the laurel wreath for prose.

I have seldom read a more solid or delightful series than the three volumes of Blair's lectures. It occurs to me, Sir, that it would be a work of almost international importance to translate some of our masterpieces of English composition into the French language. I am convinced that if the French could read in their own tongue what Chatham and Burke, what Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Macaulay have thought and said, and how they said it, they would not so easily be led astray even by such a man as Victor Hugo. I think Addison and Scott might well be sent as ambassadors across the Channel to whisper a tale of beauty into the incredulous ear of France.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

T. J. HUNT.

THE SUGAR BOUNTY AND INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Calcutta, 17 March, 1898.

SIR,—For many years I have been a reader of the "Saturday Review," and of late have been much interested in all you have written regarding the Sugar Bounty question and the West Indies. India is also affected by the bounties on beet sugar and I send you a "note" which the Bengal Chamber of Commerce has forwarded to the Government of India, which may be of interest to you. I understand the Conference has been postponed till May. It is to be hoped the Home Government will readily accede to India's being represented at the Conference and that Germany and France may see the folly of maintaining these bounties.

Your obedient servant,

G. H. SUTHERLAND.

Failing the abolition of bounties India should be allowed to impose countervailing duties. Our case differs entirely from England's as a consumer.

MR. WELLS ON "THE CANON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Albion Chambers, 11 Adam Street, W.C.

SIR,—Although in his prudent little rejoinder Mr. Wells thinks it scarcely matters, I nevertheless protest against his pronouncements on historical questions, about which he knows perhaps less than he imagines. He has confidently doubted whether the esoteric doctrine of the old religion was transmitted down to recent times, in spite of the fact that all the testimony of the Greeks goes to show that Pythagoras and Plato were instructed in the Egyptian mysteries and perpetuated them in their teaching: just as the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy was afterwards converted into the Gnosticism of the Fathers. Following the vulgar opinion, Mr. Wells tries to limit the term "Gnostic" to heretics of the primitive Church. But "Gnostic" was only a nickname; for, as far as we know, all early Christians had a mystery or "gnosis" which was withheld from the profane and ignorant. For instance, in a dialogue of the fourth century, St. Athanasius, that great pillar of orthodoxy, makes one of his characters say, "Speak, I beg, with more reserve. *There may be some present who are uninitiated*;" yet in the same piece he mentions as heretics those Gnostics and Manichees who believed in Christ's divinity but not His humanity. And Theophilus Gale, a violent but learned Puritan of the seventeenth century, thus reprobates the Romish mysteries existing in his day, "Indeed this monkish mystic theology does in point of fables and allegories seem to exceed either the Jewish Cabala or the Pythagorean or Platonic philosophy whence it received its original ideas." And many other Protestants of that age speak more or less plainly to the same effect. Now, since it is indisputable that there was a secret doctrine (presumably derived from Pagan sources) amongst Christians from the beginning, perhaps Mr. Wells can tell us when, and under what circumstances, it was disavowed and discontinued by the unreformed Churches?—Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CANON."

REVIEWS.

A ROMANCE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

"The Trial of Lord Cochrane before Lord Ellenborough." By J. B. Atlay. London: Smith.

IN this singularly able and entertaining book Mr. J. B. Atlay has reopened a question which has long ceased to be a burning one, but which can never cease to be of interest and even of importance, involving as it does the honour of a distinguished British admiral and the integrity of a great British judge. It has been compiled at the instance of Lord Ellenborough's descendants, who have very naturally resented the incessant attacks which have been made on him by Lord Dundonald and by Lord Dundonald's friends and partisans for the part he took in the famous trial at the beginning of this century, in which Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, and others were convicted of fraudulent conspiracy. A country grateful for his splendid services had done all in its power to indemnify this extraordinary man for the shame and loss which were the consequences of the sentence passed on him. A free pardon had been granted him, his naval rank had been restored, he had been entrusted again with an active command, his banner as a Knight of the Bath had been replaced, and he has now been lying for nearly forty years among England's heroes—

"In the Temple where the dead

Are honoured by the nations."

Nothing therefore could be more painful than the task which Mr. Atlay has had to undertake, and nothing assuredly could have been more ill-judged and ill-advised on the part of Lord Dundonald and his partisans than to render such a task compulsory, both in the interests of truth and in the interests of justice. Unless he could have placed his innocence above all reasonable doubt he should have allowed matters to rest where his indulgent and grateful contemporaries wished them to rest, and where all who honour the virtues by which he was undoubtedly distinguished would wish them to rest. But instead of vindicating his innocence he practically assumed it, and contented himself with running amok against all who doubted or questioned it, imputing the vilest motives to the prosecution, to the jury, and to the judge. Of Lord Ellenborough he was wont to speak and write in terms which would require some modification if applied to Scroggs and Jeffreys; and what was worse, these libels made their way by degrees into sober histories and biographies. Mr. Atlay is naturally anxious not to bear hard on Lord Dundonald, while doing full justice to Ellenborough. But he sees what every one must see, that if the proofs of Cochrane's guilt were not conclusive, Ellenborough's conduct of the trial as well as his summing-up and sentence did as little honour to him as a judge as they did to him as a man. Nothing could be fairer and more temperate than the spirit in which Mr. Atlay has pursued his inquiry: he presents the evidence for the prosecution and for the defence, evidence which is remarkably full and precise, with admirable clearness. He places before us everything which can enable us to form a judgment of the case, the depositions, the Reports of the Stock Exchange Committee, the speeches of counsel, the examination of the witnesses, the summing-up of the judge, together with an immense mass of documentary matter preliminary to the trial and subsequent to it. And we are bound to say that in our opinion the guilt of Lord Cochrane is as uncontestedly established as the harshness and severity of Ellenborough are rendered explicable.

The facts are briefly these. On the night of 21 February, 1814, when Napoleon was making his last stand against the allies before the Treaty of Chaumont and all Europe was in suspense, a French staff officer, in full uniform, arrived at Dover, with the information that Napoleon had been defeated and killed, that the allies had been invited to Paris, and that the Bourbons were to be immediately restored. From Dover he proceeded with all speed to London, but his tidings had anticipated him, and at ten o'clock on Monday morning the news was all over London. About twelve o'clock it was corroborated by four French officers who drove through the city in a chaise drawn by four horses decked with

laurels, and who kept shouting excitedly "Vive le Roi," "Vivent les Bourbons." The effect of these tidings on the Stock Exchange had been magical. At ten o'clock Omnium stock had been at 27½ premium, at eleven it stood at 30 and at twelve at 32½, while Consols had been similarly affected. A few hours afterwards the whole thing was discovered to be a hoax and the stocks sank to their former level, but not before extensive sales had been made and enormous profits realised. Among those who benefited most from the rise were Lord Cochrane, the Hon. Cochrane Johnstone, M.P., his uncle, and a Mr. Butt, who was on close business relations with both. On the evening of the 19th, which was Saturday, the first had a balance of £139,000 Omnium, the second £120,000 Omnium and £100,000 Consols, and the third £154,000 Omnium and £168,000 Consols. On the morning of the 21st these had been sold out at a profit of £2470 for Lord Cochrane, £4931 5s. for Cochrane Johnstone and £3048 5s. for Butt.

Steps were immediately taken by the Stock Exchange to discover the perpetrators of this infamous hoax, the object of which was palpable. It was soon ascertained that the alleged staff officer from whom the report had originated was no staff officer at all, but a man who had for some time been living as an insolvent debtor in the rules of the King's Bench, and that his name was De Berenger, that he was on intimate terms with Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, and had met Lord Cochrane on several occasions at the table of his relatives. His identity with the "staff officer" was established beyond doubt. He had been traced step by step from Dover to Lord Cochrane's house, 13 Green Street, where it was proved that he had changed his clothes. Next it was found that the supposed four French soldiers who had driven in the chaise through the city were four Londoners named Sandom, McRae, Holloway and Lyte, all of whom were needy adventurers given to gambling on the Stock Exchange. Not long afterwards warrants were issued for their apprehension on a charge of conspiracy. On 8 April De Berenger was arrested at Leith. On the 27th an indictment for conspiracy was preferred at the Old Bailey against De Berenger, Lord Cochrane, Cochrane Johnstone, Butt, Sandom, McRae, Holloway and Lyte. A true bill was found on the same day, and the indictment, as was usual in misdemeanours of importance, was removed at the instance of the prosecution into the Court of King's Bench. The trial was fixed for 8 June. Russell Gurney prosecuted for the Stock Exchange, W. Draper Best, afterwards Lord Wynford, led for the defence. As we are concerned only with Lord Cochrane it may be well to separate, as far as possible, his case from the rest. He had already defended himself in a lengthy affidavit, and on this affidavit his defence at the trial practically rested. The case turned mainly on the identity of De Berenger with Du Bourg, the "staff officer" from Dover, and on his visit to Cochrane at Green Street.

Of the identity there could be no question. It was proved up to the hilt by the evidence of the man, one Solomon, from whom he had bought the uniform which he had worn at Dover and on the journey to London, and by the discovery of the uniform itself in the Thames, where, after being sunk in a bundle, it had been dredged up by a fisherman. Moreover, the identity was afterwards admitted by himself. Before De Berenger had been arrested and the uniform found a desperate attempt had been made to prove that he could not be identical with Du Bourg, for two witnesses swore that De Berenger had slept at home on Sunday, February 20th and 21st, at the very time when Du Bourg was at Dover. Another damning point was that when De Berenger was arrested he had on him a large number of one-pound notes which were afterwards traced to Cochrane, Cochrane Johnstone and Butt. In his defence Cochrane admitted the interview at 13 Green Street, and admitted also that he had lent De Berenger civilian's clothes to disguise his uniform. But his whole account of the transaction, which was framed with the object of showing that De Berenger could not have been Du Bourg, teemed with inconsistencies and improbabilities so gross that no jury could have been imposed on by them for a moment. He was occupied, he said, at a workshop in Snowhill,

and, learning that some army officer wanted to see him at 13 Green Street, he returned home at once, thinking that the man might be bringing him some news of a brother in Spain. This officer he found to be De Berenger, with whom he was slightly acquainted; he was dressed in a green uniform and grey great-coat, and had on a cap. The object of the call was to induce Lord Cochrane to allow him to go on board the "Tonnant" as an instructor of musketry. "To this," said Cochrane, "I was unable to assent, but I provided him with a civilian dress on his representing that he could not call on Lord Yarmouth, or any friend, or return to the rules of the King's Bench attired as he was." How it was that he should have returned to Green Street with so much alacrity to see an officer whose name he did not know, and should have furnished a man who was almost a stranger to him with a civilian's dress on so absurd a plea as the plea urged, he does not explain. But these were not the points on which he gave himself away. If the man was Du Bourg, as we know, and certainly know, he was, he wore a *scarlet uniform*, embroidered with gold, and had a star on his breast. The prosecution had incontestable evidence that Cochrane's visitor was in a scarlet uniform, and Cochrane's counsel, knowing that the contrary would not be maintained by the servants at Green Street, admitted that his client had been mistaken on this point. It was a crucial point, an admission which the jury could hardly have construed, under the circumstances, in any other way than as conclusive of complicity. It may, of course, be urged that the man had changed his uniform while waiting for Cochrane at the house, but this is hardly within the range of probability; that he could not have changed it before was proved by the evidence of the hackney coachman who set him down at Cochrane's door.

We have not space to discuss the case further. We can only say that it would have been surprising had the jury arrived at any other conclusion than that at which they did arrive. If we assume Cochrane to have been innocent, the case bristles with difficulties; if we assume him to have been guilty, all is smooth and intelligible. To our mind there can be no doubt on one point—that he was perfectly aware of the identity of De Berenger with the fictitious Du Bourg, and that he sheltered and aided him. He may have been merely an accomplice after the fact, but if so, why should De Berenger have driven first to his house? Cochrane, as his whole career shows, was never a man of nice scruples, and was moreover reckless and impetuous; but he was a gentleman. It is quite possible therefore that if he took part in the affair from the first, he did not, when he embarked upon it, fully realise what he was doing, namely, that he had become a party to a despicable and sordid fraud. Having once committed himself, it was too late to retrace his steps. Nothing was left to him but to vindicate his honour, before his conviction, by false representations, and after his conviction, by still more reprehensible means, by attributing, that is to say, his prosecution to party spirit and official spite, his condemnation to the political rancour of the judge, to personal hostility on the part of the jury, and to the mismanagement and incompetence of his counsel. In Lord Ellenborough's conduct and attitude we see nothing to which exception can be fairly taken. It was perhaps a little hard that the speech for the defence should have been required so late at night, when Best had been fourteen hours in Court, but there were special reasons for this. Ellenborough's severity is no doubt attributable to the disgust and contempt naturally excited in a high-minded and honourable man by such a transaction as Cochrane had been convicted of being engaged in, and that he should, under the circumstances, make the punishment an exemplary one is surely no more than what might have been expected. Mr. Atlay has, in our opinion, set this matter finally at rest and completely vindicated Lord Ellenborough.

RENAN AND BERTHELOT.

"Correspondance 1847-1892." E. Renan et M. Berthelot. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

AMONG the friends whom Renan possessed no one appears to have enjoyed a longer and closer in-

tellectual intimacy with him than M. Marcellin Berthelot, the eminent chemist and statesman. They became acquainted in November, 1845, when Renan was between twenty-two and twenty-three years of age, and M. Berthelot barely eighteen. Renan had just quitted the seminary, and had renounced the priestly vocation. At this moment he met the brilliant young Berthelot, precocious and sympathetic, possessed already of a wider knowledge of the world than himself, and they instantly began to form a friendship which steadily increased in solidity until the end of Renan's career in 1892. It was evidently an additional attraction in the eyes of Renan that the young Berthelot was already a completely enfranchised partisan of science and liberal speculation. Himself a Breton, embarrassed by the prejudices of an ecclesiastical and contemplative education, he was pleased to find an arm to lean on in coming suddenly out of the shadows of the church into the blaze of everyday life. In process of time M. Berthelot seems, in the wider spheres of the world, to have taken for Renan something of the place earlier occupied by his sister Henriette.

The two friends lived almost next door to one another, and their studies were conducted in the closest unison. Hence there was no opportunity for correspondence save on those rare occasions when they found themselves separated by the travelling plans of one or of the other. During these early years Renan was employed at the Bibliothèque Nationale, in the Department of the Manuscripts, where he was slowly preparing that history of the Semitic languages which formed the first stage in his illustrious public career. M. Berthelot, in the meantime, no less pressed for means, no less tormented by the insecurity of his future, was following his medical studies, which in 1851 landed him in the post of "Préparateur de Chemie" at the Collège de France, a situation which he held in modest and obscure absorption for some ten years. During this period of development the mutual relations between the two friends were incessant, but they belong in great measure to history, and are not in any important degree illuminated by the correspondence here given to the public at the desire, expressed shortly before her death in a touching letter, of Madame Ernest Renan. It is only necessary to add that the letters of Renan are much more numerous than those of M. Berthelot, the greater part of whose early correspondence with his friend has disappeared. We hope not to seem ungracious if we say that this fact is the less to be deplored because the subjects no less than the style of Renan's contributions appear to us considerably more attractive than those of his correspondent.

In this interesting and somewhat imposing body of letters, the letters which first attract the notice of the general reader are those which chronicle Renan's visit to Italy in 1849. We expect the earliest impression made by the sight of Rome on a mind so sensitive and so highly trained to be a moving one, and we are not disappointed. Renan arrived in Italy at the age of six-and-twenty, prepared in every fibre of his being to be subjugated by the enchantment of that wonderful country. His letters from the Italian cities are almost essays, so full are they, so elaborate, elevated so high by their tone above the customary tribute of the tourist. His first hours under the white standard of the Pope were painful to him; he was puzzled, even tormented, by the incongruities of the life and manners of the city; and then, from all these ruins, from all these slumbering churches, the indefinable charm rose and received him into its fascination. Rome had seemed to the prejudices of the young Renan to represent the last perversions of the religious instinct. "Eh bien! mon ami," he writes to M. Berthelot, "les Madones m'ont vaincu"; he discovers in the Rome that he presumed to despise a distinction, a poetry, and an ideality that were incomparable. And from that point onwards, until the charm is a little worn away by familiarity, his letters are one long hymn to the Intellectual Beauty. He discovers, however, that a disease is killing Rome; it is the modern æsthetic attitude; and to escape this he turns exclusively to the ruins, to the Pre-Christian and the Proto-Christian cities. This first visit lasted six weeks, and the letters which it inspired offer as beautiful and as interesting an

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impression of the effect of Rome upon a candid and delicate mind as we have ever met with.

The change to Naples was disastrous. Here, in 1850, neither elevation nor ideality could be found. In later years Renan learned to judge many things more indulgently, and even material enjoyment seemed to him no longer merely evil. But in his younger days he was severe against the flesh, and Naples, "the most Bœotian of cities, the softest, the vilest," is here condemned in the harshest terms. From the degradation and nullity of Naples he turned to the poetical and graceful landscape of Italy. In the presence of Lake Avernus he underwent a sort of crisis; the genius of the ancients and their attitude towards a future life were suddenly revealed to him. At Pæstum he saw the limits of civilisation, and shrank back in terror. Of Pompeii he could not trust himself to write. Haunted by the exaltation of the nerves which these ancient cities produced upon him, he went north to a different world, to Tuscany, to the Gothic spirit at Pisa, at Florence. In February, 1850, an irresistible attraction took him again to Rome, and for nearly two months he remained there, plunged in a sort of ecstasy of poetic and antiquarian enthusiasm. Bologna and Venice led him slowly back to France, where, in June, 1850, after an absence of seven or eight months, he resumed his linguistic and historic labours, infinitely refreshed. The section of the correspondence before us which contains these letters from Italy is of a rare value and beauty. As an indication of the mental processes of a man of genius subjected in early life to the characteristics of Italy, it has reminded us of nothing so much as of the letters of Gray to Richard West.

Ten years later our attention is equally arrested by the series of letters sent by Renan from the Holy Land. In November, 1860, he writes from Beyrout, and a few days later he is on Mount Lebanon, about to pay a prolonged visit to the ancient city of Byblos. We feel at once, by the quickening of the style, by the air of excitement, how deeply every stone, every name in this neglected Phœnician country stimulated the curiosity of the visitor. There is a thrill in the descriptions of the exquisite Syrian landscape; a thrill in the emotion with which he kneels down to drink, in the waters of the river Adonis, the very tears of Venus. The Semitic professor so mingles his scholastic with a poetical afflatus that he seduces the least erudite of his readers to share his astonishment and rapture. "Tell Michelet that if he wants to write 'La Fleur' he must come to Syria; here and here only can the splendour of the Flower be comprehended." The results of Renan's researches in Byblos, and under the white domes of Aphaca, are known to the learned world, but now for the first time we can place them in their proper setting of an exquisitely personal literature.

English readers will be apt to hurry on to the letters which record that visit to London which many of Renan's admirers still recall with pleasure. Early in 1880 he writes from Berkeley Square: "It is impossible to find more sympathy, more delicate indulgence than I have met with here. The enlightened society of England is the most charming that can be imagined." All is rose-colour; the upper classes are almost entirely liberal and progressive; the masses are asleep and give no trouble. London produces on him the impression of a great village, admirably clean and tidy. Kensington is the ideal of an opulent town, of which the environs of the Parc Monceau alone can give an idea to a Parisian. He sees the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, Lambeth Palace; above all, he sees Shakespeare in the "Merchant of Venice," and is cured, as if by magic, of a bad attack of rheumatism. He does not, however, think much of Mr. Gladstone, who, in 1880, "n'a plus d'avenir"! We meet the happy optimist again, a little later on, in Oxford, "strangest relic of the past, most curious type of life in death!" Each college is "a veritable earthly paradise, but a paradise deserted"—the dear man apparently not having been told that there was such a thing as term-time. The turf is the most beautiful in Europe, "et Max Müller, c'est le seul qui travaille,"—a Teutonic Adam, we suppose, in this desolate Garden of Eden. Returning to London, Renan sees Sir Charles Dilke, "le républicain de l'Angleterre (il n'y en a pas deux)," and hurries back to

Paris to read the MS. of "Caliban" to Taine and Flaubert. Here we must leave him altogether. We have indicated but a few of the features which give this volume of correspondence a real value as an indication of the temperament and the charm of Renan.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"The Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."
Edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. London: Smith, Elder.

NO faults of style—and they are more serious and offensive than exist in any other poet known to fame—no deficiencies as an artist; no errors of undisciplined energy, no lack of breadth, of sanity, of repose, can shake Mrs. Browning's claim to a first place among British poetesses. In intensity and passion she was excelled by Emily Brontë. An enthusiasm as pure and noble, a nature as finely touched, inspired and informed the lyrics of Christina Rossetti, to whose pathos, at once so subtle and so simple, to whose visionary insight, to whose music, to whose perfection of felicitous expression, she had no pretension. Other women, notably Lady Nairn, Jane Elliott and Lady Barnard, have left single poems which many perhaps would not exchange for any one poem of Mrs. Browning's. But taking the whole mass of her writings and surveying her manifold genius on all its sides, who could fail to see that so far from having any rival among her sisters she has no second? She stands alone, alone in her extraordinary gifts, alone in her unparalleled fertility and many-sidedness. A scholar whose attainments astonished all who knew her, she resembled Macaulay in her devotion to books, being not only versed in the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages; but, as her poems, prefaces, letters, and dissertation on the Greek Christian poets prove, in their literatures as well. Her knowledge of our own literature, particularly our poetry from Chaucer to Scott and Wordsworth, was as minute and extensive as Southey's. And if she touched Macaulay on one side, she touched Jacob Boehmen and Swedenborg on the other. She was a Mystic, and never since Norris of Bemerton had rapt mysticism found such a voice as it finds in "The Seraphim" and in "The Rhapsody of Life's Progress." But she was neither a pedant nor a dreamer. She entered heart and soul into all the social and political questions of her time, both in England and in Italy. A religious devotee, it would not be going too far to describe her as the poet-missionary of the creed which for her summed up all spiritual and ethical truth. In the "Inni Sacri" of Manzoni alone have we any modern parallel to the fervour and rapture of her sacred poetry. But, above all things, she was a woman—"very woman of very woman," and here lies the secret of her real power and charm as a poetess. In such works as "The Drama of Exile" she astonishes and perplexes us; by such works as "Aurora Leigh" we are alternately attracted and repelled: few could now take pleasure in the poems in which her mysticism finds expression, and still fewer in her political poems, her "Casa Guida Windows," for example, or her "Poems before Congress." But the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "The Cry of the Children," "Cowper's Grave," "A Child's Grave at Florence," "To Flush my Dog," "The Ragged Schools of London," "The Cry of the Human," and the like go straight to every heart. Nor will the world easily forget such poems as "A Vision of Poets," "The Lost Bower" and "The Dead Pan." The great characteristic of Mrs. Browning was her very serious conception of the ends and functions of her art. It was due partly to this exquisite sensibility, partly to the intensity of her religious conviction, and partly to the stern discipline of pain and suffering to which during the whole of her early life she had been submitted. It was a return to the ideal of Milton. "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me," she wrote, "as life itself, and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet." She may have been right; she may have been wrong; but at any rate she was desperately sincere.

In one of her early poems she had attempted, she

said, to express her view of the mission of the poet, "of the self-abnegation implied in it, of the great work involved in it, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called *la patience angélique du génie*, and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge." Mr. Ruskin stands alone, and will probably always stand alone in his judgment that "'Aurora Leigh' is the greatest poem which this century has produced in any language;" but of one thing there can be no doubt, that its authoress is in the true sense of the term one of the greatest, as well as one of the most interesting, of women.

The volume before us is the first complete edition of Mrs. Browning's works. It contains in a cheap and portable form not only all the poems comprised in the six volumes published under the supervision, we believe, of Robert Browning in 1890, but her early experiments which have never been reprinted before, namely, her epic poem, in four books, on the battle of Marathon, written when she was fourteen years of age, and her "Essay on Mind" and other poems written before she had completed her twentieth year, and published in 1826. It also contains her modernisation of Chaucer's "Queen Annelida and False Arcite" and "Complaint of Annelida to False Arcite" published in 1841. Whether Mr. Kenyon has been well-advised in resuscitating these crude and juvenile efforts is a question which we will not discuss. His defence would probably be the very reasonable one that without them no edition could claim to be complete, and that some future editor whose turn was rather bibliographical than critical would be sure to plume himself on having repaired the omission. In any case, considering the age of the writer, "The Battle of Marathon" is a curiosity, and with regard to the "Essay on Mind," it is at least interesting to know that the authoress of "The Drama of Exile," "The Cry of the Children" and "Aurora Leigh" made her *début* as a servile imitator of Pope, and could convey, and very unmistakably, the impression that she was an exceedingly concealed young lady. Mr. Kenyon and his assistant, Mr. Roger Ingpen, have discharged their duties as editors judiciously. The poems are printed in chronological order, all Mrs. Browning's prefaces and notes are given, a brief bibliography of her writings is appended, and there are complete indices. The text of every poem is that of Mrs. Browning's latest revision, but the variants are not noted, and that is the only fault which we have to find in this very acceptable volume.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

"The Autobiography of Arthur Young." Edited by M. Betham-Edwards. London: Smith, Elder.

THE revived interest in Arthur Young, shown by the recent reprints of his "Tours" in France and Ireland, will be strengthened by Miss Betham-Edward's excellent selection from his "Memoirs" and correspondence. The book, indeed, is in some ways a remarkable revelation. It leaves the impression that Arthur Young, despite his European reputation, was a disappointed man. But this impression needs some correction. It originates in the extraordinary self-depreciation of himself and his writings, which is poured forth in his journals after the death of his favourite daughter and his conversion to the extreme Evangelicalism of Wilberforce and his school. The story of these coincident events is one of the most melancholy and affecting conceivable. As to his conversion, it is no more to be doubted than the genuineness of his passionate love and grief for his child. The case of John Newton is not more striking nor more interesting; but the strangeness of it is somewhat lessened or partially explained if we consider the revelation Miss Betham-Edward's volume affords in other directions. Arthur Young was a man of complex personality. Everywhere welcome in society, the friend of the foremost men of his time in whatever land he chanced to be, he was a man of the world, a man of business—especially when the business was the business of others. With all his acuteness in practical affairs, with his remarkable prescience in political and economic matters,

he was also an enthusiast—in the sense his own generation employed the term. He had the temperament which Wordsworth ascribes to the poet. He would sink as low in his despondency as he would mount high in aspiration. His enthusiasm found more objects than the advocacy of carrots as a food for seamen, or the general culture of turnips, or artificial coats for newborn lambs. We seem to be reading some confession of a godless career as we read the passages of self-criticising abasement in the diaries subsequent to 1797. But these austere and rather forbidding ejaculations should be taken in conjunction with the excusable complacency with which he refers elsewhere to the success of his economic writings and the popularity of his books of travel.

Arthur Young began life with no greater fortune than a copyhold farm of twenty acres, producing £20 a year. "I had no more idea of farming," he says, "than of physic or divinity." In practice he never became a great farmer. Yet he revolutionised agriculture by his teachings, and in other directions showed himself to be a practical, sagacious and far-seeing economist. Almost all his life, however, even when making a large income, was spent in fighting with the direst debts and embarrassments. He could point the way to national prosperity, but he could not make both ends meet in his own affairs. His letters and diaries reveal an appalling picture of domestic confusion. Only two years after his marriage—an unhappy affair it proved—he writes in a dolorous strain to his wife; "Life in a cottage with bread and cheese would be preferable," he remarks, "to his present condition," and it would be a blessing to them all if some one should settle things by "knocking him on the head." There was, indeed, something of a morbid strain in Arthur Young, which breaks out occasionally in these early letters. At the same time, so full of contradictions was his many-sided nature, he was of a sanguine, not to say a mercurial, temper. His social gifts won him the most diverse friends. The vivacious Fanny Burney tells him it should be "wreaths and flowers" almost any way he took. "Roses, roses all the way," in fact. In her journal she writes: "Last night, whilst Hetty, Sussey and myself were at tea, that lively, charming, spirited Mr. Young entered the room. Oh, how glad we were to see him!" We may be sure he did not discuss turnips and the new cabbage-seed with these young ladies. But it is hard to realise Arthur Young, the ladies' man, as we read his private ejaculations on Wilberforce and Bishop Newton and "Scott on the Christian Life." That men so various as Pitt and Burke, Dr. Burney and Jeremy Bentham, should be deeply interested in Arthur Young is intelligible. Pitt was attracted to Young's sagacious indictments of legislative restrictions on Irish trade and cognate matters. Burke could not but be sympathetic with the man who prophesied with such clearness and vigour of the life-struggle of Great Britain with France thirty years before the revolution. And as the first writer of conviction, in pre-Malthusian years, on the population question, and the first writer to advocate a public census, Young was, of course, an object of interest to Jeremy Bentham. The applause of such men was never failing in Arthur Young's life. Few men, indeed, have received more abundant praise from all conditions of men. Yet, if we are to believe his confessions, he was the most unhappy man of men. But it would be very ill-judged to take these things literally. That he became a changed man, as he hoped, and had sincerely "found religion," there is the most convincing evidence in this volume. If ever autobiography was a "human document," this surely is one, and as singular as any could be. The mental anguish Young suffered on the death of his beloved "Bobbie" is too eloquently, too poignantly manifested in his diaries to admit a doubt as to the depth and sincerity of the "conversion" that is so intimately bound up in his bereavement. We may smile at the naïveté with which he records how he witnessed as a "humble spectator" the review by the King of the Volunteers in Kensington Gardens without a touch of the sin of envy, or feeling mortified by the thought that it was he who had originated those London and Westminster volunteers. "In a former part of my life," he observes, he would have fallen into that sin to

have found himself merely one of the crowd. The latter part of Miss Betham-Edwards's book is full of such reflections. He was an interesting figure, attractive, pathetic, and not unlovable.

LOST AND VANISHING BIRDS.

"Lost and Vanishing Birds. Being a Record of some Remarkable Extinct Species and a Plea for some Threatened Forms." By Charles Dixon. With Ten Plates by Charles Whympers. London: Macqueen.

THE philosopher may explain that the extinction of species is a part of the cosmic process of change as inevitable as the production of new forms. The pretty ladies who ravish our hearts in borrowed plumes, and the grave collectors who prefer a bird in the hand to two in the bush, may be new features in the fauna of the world; but in so far as they form merely a new hostile environment to other creatures, they are in harmony with a perennial process. The price the world pays for a new species is the extinction of the old, and it may be argued that pretty ladies and grave collectors are worth many sparrows. None the less, the extinction of any set of creatures is in itself melancholy, and there are many cases where the disappearance is apparently unnecessary. Mr. Dixon's charming volume will serve a useful purpose if it call the attention of the public, and in particular of the land-owning public, to the chances of saving some of our decaying birds.

Dealing first with British birds, he treats then those that are lost, and those that are vanishing. He makes a number of useful distinctions among the causes that have led to decay. In cases of exceedingly local and limited distribution, wanton destruction has been a frequent cause. The great auk suffered from the conjoint malice of nature and man. In European waters Iceland was its chief home, and a numerous colony survived up to 1830, on a little group of reefs twenty-five miles from the main island. But a volcanic disturbance sunk the chief breeding-place under the sea, and the birds migrated for the more accessible islet of Elvey, where in 1846 the last pair was captured. Two centuries ago great auks were regular summer visitors to St. Kilda. The auks, however, were nearly wingless, and unsuited for the precipitous cliffs of that region. The last visitor was stoned to death, as an evil spirit, by the islanders, in the early part of the century. Another frequent cause of disappearance has been the draining of fen lands and the reclamation of moors.

The most important point made by Mr. Dixon is the distinction between winter and summer visitors. Among our regular migrants a large number come northwards in spring, visiting these islands to breed. Another set breed much farther north, and come here only to gain the comparative shelter of our insular climate in winter. Mr. Dixon points out that destruction of winter visitors is much less harmful than of summer invaders. Sometimes, as in the case of the spoonbill, both kinds of migrations reached us: northern visitors appearing in great flocks in winter; southern birds in smaller numbers coming to us in spring to breed. Most birds extend their range only by extending the range of locality in which they breed, and when we wish to preserve a decaying species or to induce a rare visitor to become permanent, it is the visitors of spring-time that we must cherish. We hope that this point, and many others raised in Mr. Dixon's volume, will be noted by the somewhat sentimental enthusiasts whose zeal considerably outruns their knowledge.

LULLABY-LAND.

"Lullaby-Land. Songs of Childhood." By Eugene Field. Selected by Kenneth Graham, and illustrated by Charles Robinson. London: Lane.

THE anxiety of the Americans to prove to the world that they are capable of producing specimens of literature and art which are excellent, and yet owe nothing to European influences, is pathetic. It is exemplified every now and then by the violent success of some author or artist in the Central States of America, whose work is more coldly received in New York and

Boston, but who looks beyond the sordid East to London, with a confident hope of recognition. But it is a long cry from Wisconsin to Westminster, and there is often a tarnishing of the bright gold of fame before the strange name reaches us. Sometimes, however, the leap is taken with great success, as it was ten years ago by Miss Mawfre from Tennessee and more lately by Mr. Allen from the blue-grass pastures of Kentucky. But no Central-States writer has enjoyed so vehement a local success as the late Mr. Eugene Field, whose poems for children are here very prettily presented for the first time to the British public.

The fame of Mr. Field dates from four or five years ago. He was born at St. Louis, in Missouri, in 1850, but he lived and flourished at Chicago, in Illinois, and his reputation principally belongs to those two influential states. He was very famous indeed within a radius of two hundred miles from Springfield, Ill., before he was read anywhere else. He came forward late; his local reputation began with "A Little Book of Western Verse," in 1890; and in 1892 he addressed children definitely in "With Trumpet and Drum," and "A Second Book of Verse," both of which are put into requisition here by Mr. Kenneth Graham. A little later he published "Love-songs of Childhood," and then his popularity came upon him in a flood. He died, prematurely, about two years ago, and at the time of his death it was said, no doubt with some exaggeration, that there was not an American household, from Columbus to Topeka, or from Milwaukee to Cincinnati, in which the songs of Eugene Field were not familiar treasures. That meant that in the populous country of which Chicago is the capital, the admirers of the poet were to be counted at least by hundreds and thousands; and of this extremely popular writer we knew absolutely nothing.

It was, therefore, an excellent idea to induce Mr. Kenneth Graham, that great authority on English child-life, to select for us what seemed to him lost in the Chicago poet. He and Mr. Robinson between them have made a very dainty book, containing some thirty of Eugene Field's pieces. But Mr. Graham, in his preface, betrays by a little touch of preciseness the difficulty he has experienced in making the selection. He admits that it is not given to a writer to know more than one land, and that the American flavour of Field's lyrics may reduce their charm for English ears. We have to confess that we have read those songs of "Lullaby-Land" with pleasure, with admiration, and occasionally with enthusiasm, but that we cannot pretend that they have subjugated us with that fascination which they appeared to have exercised in Indiana and Illinois. Eugene Field had a real metrical gift, and a choice of diction that was sometimes exquisitely tuned to the nonsensical symbolism he affected. For instance, this is charming:—

"The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing; comes creeping";

and so is

"Simmerdew was there, but she
Did not like me altogether;
Daisybright and Turtledove,
Piffercurds and Honeylove,
Thistleblow and Amberglee,
On that gleaming, ghostly sea
Floated from the misty heather,"

and still more characteristic of the writer is:—

"And by, low; as you rock-a-by go,
Don't forget Mother who loveth you so!
And here is her kiss on your weepydeep eyes,
And here is her kiss on your peachypink cheek,
And here is her kiss for the dreamland that lies
Like a babe on the breast of those far-away skies
Which you seek—
The blinkyblink garden where dreamikins grow—
So, so, rock-a-by so!"

It will be acknowledged that these are instances of the very sublime of "Georgy-porkey, ride in coachey-poachey" language; and that, indeed, is what they all amount to. Eugene Field caught, with an admirable knack that was quite his own, the turn of that coaxing nonsense which cuddling mothers murmur when they want their too bright-eyed charges to put on sleep. He mixed this with something of Edward Lear, some-

thing of Hans Andersen, and he produced a very pretty manufacture of his own. We like him least when he makes faces at us over the children's head, and talks of "attenuate" sprites or speaks of a red hen's feathers as "foliage of vermillion hue." We like him best when he gives himself up most completely to the crowing music of infancy. We advise our readers to add "Lullaby-Land" to their nursery library, and we can promise them that they will discover in it one poem which is as good as the best in this class that was ever written. It is called "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," and in the interests of the publisher we refrain from quoting it.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF'S DIARY.

"Notes from a Diary, 1873-1881." By the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. London: Murray.

THESE discursive but delightfully entertaining "Notes" are the literary recreations of a man who has seen a great deal of life in its multifarious aspects. For many years he was thrown into contact with most of the social, literary and political celebrities of his time; and he had the opportunity of observing them as men as well as notabilities. A year ago the author published the first instalment of his Diary, extending from 1851 to 1872. That section included a good deal of matter relating to speeches and addresses which might well have been dispensed with. The present instalment is much more popular and attractive, for it shows Sir M. E. Grant Duff almost exclusively as a raconteur. Yet amidst numerous characteristic sayings of eminent contemporaries, we obtain many revelations of the undercurrents of public life. These volumes cover the period from 1873 to 1881, when the author went out to India to assume the Government of Madras.

The only satisfactory treatment of a book of this kind is to place before the reader a few of the good things in which it abounds in order to whet his appetite. During a tour in Northern Europe the diarist saw Hans Christian Andersen, who was then old and feeble. Conversation, however, drew out some vivid descriptions of Scandinavian scenery. "We talked of the various European capitals. He put Constantinople first in point of beauty, then Stockholm, Edinburgh, and Lisbon. I lamented to him the fate of his second favourite, which no one has yet described, as he had described Naples, or as Scott had described Edinburgh: a juxtaposition which gave him evident pleasure." A well-known character is described in this paragraph: "Dined with the Arthur Russells. Morier amused us very much by relating how he had once, when a very young man, sat at a great party in Vienna next a short, thick-set individual whose breast was covered with orders, but who presently remarked to him, 'It's very 'ot.' They fell into conversation, and he was still more puzzled when his friend said 'When I was in Prince Lichtenstein's stables.' Of course it was the famous Minister of the Duke of Parma, Baron Ward." One of Dr. Magee's witticisms is very good: "I dined to-day with Rathbone to meet the Bishop of Peterborough, who was as usual full of good stories. He asked me, 'What is the temperature of an Irish Home Ruler?'—'Ninety-eight in the shade.'" The following lines by Nettlehip, of Oxford, on Bishop Colenso were quite as good as those by Bishop Wilberforce and Thackeray which were so much in vogue,—

"Who filled his soul with carnal pride,
Who made him say that Moses lied
About the little hare's inside?
The Devil."

"Talking of the Colonies, he (Froude) mentioned that Helps had told him that on one occasion, when there was some difficulty about a Colonial Secretary, Palmerston had said, 'Well, I'll take the Colonies myself,' and presently afterwards had said to Helps, who remained behind, 'Just come upstairs with me for half-an-hour and show me where these places are.'" Touching the outbreak of the Franco-German War, there is this description by M. Émile Ollivier, of the arrival of the famous Ems Telegram: "Next morning I got up and a cursed piece of yellow paper was brought

me—I see it still, and I shall always see it—which announced that the King had refused to see the French Ambassador, and that Berlin was in violent excitement. Werther, the wretch, had told his Government that we asked for a letter of excuses. As the day wore on despatches came from all parts of Europe—from Germany, from Berne, from London—to say that the talk of the Prussian diplomatic agents everywhere was of immediate war. Still I thought the worst might be avoided, but when I got to St. Cloud I found there — and —, Granier de Cassagnac and Jérôme David. The resolution to go to war had been taken without consulting me." The blanks probably stand for Marshal Leboeuf and the Duc de Gramont.

A witty rejoinder is attributed to the Comte de Chambord: "One of the guests at Innes was my old acquaintance Lady Wallace, who has translated so much from the German. She told me that she had met the Comte de Chambord as a young man at Sir Clifford Constable's. When he came down in the morning they told him that he had been sleeping in the haunted room. '*A la bonne heure!*' said he; '*bientôt nous serons des revenants nous-mêmes.*'"

"24 March, 1878: At High Elms, Lyon Playfair, amongst others, being of the party. Apropos of the Algerian conjurors, who apply hot metal to their bodies without suffering, he explained to us that, if only the metal is sufficiently hot, this can be done with perfect security; and told an amusing story of how, when the Prince of Wales was studying under him in Edinburgh, he had, after taking the precaution to make him wash his hands in ammonia, to get rid of any grease that might be on them, said, 'Now, sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by.' 'Are you serious?' asked the pupil. 'Perfectly,' was the reply. 'If you tell me to do it I will,' said the Prince. 'I do tell you,' rejoined Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity."

At a meeting of the Breakfast Club at Lord Acton's, Arthur Russell told a capital story of Browning, who was lately introduced to the Chinese Ambassador—the introducer, who acted also as interpreter, observing that they were both poets. In the course of conversation Browning asked how much poetry his Excellency had written. "Four volumes," he answered. "And what style of poetry does your Excellency cultivate?" "Chiefly the enigmatical," replied the other. Browning afterwards said to Russell, "We felt doubly brothers after that." At the Athenæum Club some one told an amusing story about a recent marriage in the family of a wealthy Irish distiller. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Dublin. After the breakfast the distiller thanked the Archbishop very effusively for his share of the proceedings and said to him, as he took his leave, "The Lord be with you." "And with thy spirit," is reported to have been the rejoinder.

There are numerous anecdotes about Gladstone, Disraeli, and Dean Stanley. Once the talk turned upon the fiery and tempestuous Brougham. Gladstone paid a fine tribute to him in his later years, when the old fieriness had been succeeded by mellowness and geniality. Brougham, who admired few people beyond himself, had the greatest veneration for Lyndhurst. When the latter, in a great speech, had surpassed himself in clearness and cogency, Brougham, striking his hands on his knees, said: "How I wish I could give you some of my walking powers, and that you could give me some of your brains!" Disraeli was deeply attached to his wife, who, as is well known, lived entirely in and for her husband. "She was a bright creature," remarked Disraeli to a friend; "she lived wholly in the present; she thought nothing of the future; she cared nothing for the past. I discovered that she did not know whether the Greeks or the Romans came first." This anecdote reveals Disraeli's great confidence in himself which was the root of his success: "Dined with the Duke of Bedford, meeting, amongst others, Rawlinson, who told me that Lord Beaconsfield had said to him the other day: 'I have the Sovereign at my back, the two Houses of Parliament, and the nation—if I were ten years younger, I could settle everything!'" There are two anecdotes against

Disraeli—one being Mr. Arthur Balfour's description of his conversation, "You have only to imagine a brazen mask talking his own novels"; and the other Sir William Gull's comment when the statesman went to a quack for medical advice—" *Similia similibus curantur.*"

Jenny Lind was put through her paces about the great musicians. Asked who was the greatest musician of all time, she replied, "Unquestionably Bach. His B minor mass is the first of all musical compositions." "Whom do you put next?" "Mozart, as great on the stage as Bach in religious music." "In our own times, whom do you put first?" "I think Schumann. . . . Mendelssohn was a great intelligence, but he had not so much heart." As to the morale of musicians of the first rank, she said, "Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Mendelssohn, even Beethoven, in spite of his peculiarities, were all excellent." Silly Jenny Lind.

This should be one of the best-read books of an especially dull season.

FICTION.

"American Wives and English Husbands." By Gertrude Atherton. London: Service & Paton.

WHEN Mrs. Gertrude Atherton first fluttered certain chaste American dovescotes with "Patience Sparhawk," it was hardly suspected by the amused spectators that America had at last produced a first-rate woman novelist. So far, no one but the author of "Through One Administration" had advanced any tenable claim to national or international importance in this kind, and even the charming little talent of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was so straitly held within the limits of the social conventions that she seldom achieved or attempted anything of more widely penetrating influence than the well-bred tragedies of the boudoir. These considerations are due, let us say at once, to the retrospective astonishment with which, after reading Mrs. Atherton's new novel, we have realised again the almost entire lack of permanent value in the novels written by American women; and they are many. The most diligent efforts of memory will not evoke more than two names of those whose success is likely to be other than momentary, and Octave Thanet and Mary Wilkins—Arcadian artists both—do but deal in strictly local interests. America, then, has long wanted—or, at least, lacked—a woman who to technical competence should add that width of vision and comprehension of the broad issues of life which are the better part of the artist's equipment. We are driven to believe, though with a reluctance which will be understood by all who remember the crude vulgarity of "Patience Sparhawk," that the woman is here at last.

This is in nowise to assert that in "American Wives and English Husbands" Mrs. Atherton has produced a perfect novel; but its technical defects are as few as they are obvious. The plot might easily have been stronger, especially in its final catastrophe; at least four or five subsidiary characters could well be spared, and Mrs. Atherton's narrative style lapses from its usual lucid correctness frequently enough to exasperate the English reader. These things, however, should count as but small obstacles in the way of Mrs. Atherton's progress towards the distinction we believe to be waiting for her, and we base our belief much less on her present power to tell clearly an interesting story and to draw credible characters than on her very singular comprehension of the two widely sundered families of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is more than the width of the Atlantic between them, and each half of the severed races laughs securely at the characteristics of the other, and is yet powerless to understand and report them accurately. When an American novelist declared that "all Englishmen are systematically brutal to their wives," he was probably quite sincere, and made no more grotesquely foolish a generalisation than should be made by an Englishman who assumed, for instance, that the cold selfishness of many women in the Eastern States is shared by the warmer and more generous women of the South and West. It may be doubted whether any novelist who has dealt with these questions of racial differences has ever held the balance, as between England and America, with so steady and

just a hand as Mr. Henry James, whose attitude, indeed, is so impersonal and judicial that the matter takes on a somewhat algebraic aspect. Here, then, it is that we seem to have so clear a promise in Mrs. Atherton's book. Her inelegant title proclaims her intention of exhibiting the results that ensue when a warm-hearted, impulsive Californian girl, full of the pride of Southern ancestry, matured by stress of childish troubles, and habituated to the demonstrativeness of Southern chivalry, marries that product of modern days, the earnest, austere, and somewhat intellectual English aristocrat. The simplicity of this intention is complicated by a secondary plot, in which the problem is presented inversely; for the father of the real hero has married, *en secondes nocces*, a rich and vulgar widow from Chicago. The father is a cynical nobleman of a slightly conventional type, and the widow is of the kind unhappily familiar to all travellers. In their case, the marriage, which is confessedly mercenary, turns out as might be expected. Lady Barnstaple is ignored by the best women in London, and, by easy stages, reaches that level of vulgar vice in which the inevitable lover is allowed to pay the entire expenses of the husband's estates, until the latter, discovering the intrigue, blows out his brains. We are not entirely convinced by this catastrophe, for it is certainly not the unvarying custom of an English peer to shoot himself under such circumstances; if it were, the death-rate in countryhouses might become alarmingly high. Nor are we wholly persuaded that the most American of American women could so calmly acquiesce in her father-in-law's suicide, and wait, with such superb courage, outside his study door for the fatal report of the pistol. But we are content to take Mrs. Atherton's word for it that Lee Maundrell would have behaved so. And after all, the real interest of the story inheres in her relations with her husband. The shock of the conflict of two temperaments so wholly antagonistic could not fail, even with less competent treatment, to be of interest; and in Mrs. Atherton's hands the quiet unobtrusive drama of character becomes of the highest significance.

The principal merit of the book resides not merely in picturesque description, not merely in vivacious dialogue and graphic story-telling; but above all in Mrs. Atherton's power to deal broadly and strongly with the broad and strong passions of life, as they are visible in acute racial conflicts.

"For the Life of Others." By G. Cardella. London: Sonnenschein.

Hereditary disease again! The thing is the big gooseberry of every season in the hands of female writers of every calibre. Here is a woman who can tell a story dramatically, who has a strong touch of the poetic and mystic, who astonishes you every now and then with her beauty of expression, and makes the most exquisite "quotes," which help her out without throwing her own style into painful contrast. And out of all this she evolves a monstrous, earnest book, with a big, earnest heroine, and not a scrap of humour anywhere. Bride Guinane was very beautiful and excessively queenly. Charles Strangeways was heroic, distinguished, and very, very "strong." Nothing could be nicer. But an ancestral Guinane had so far forgotten what was due to his name and race as to marry a foreign woman, no saner than she should be, and each succeeding head of the family had "taken after" her in varying degrees. Bride's father cherishes the impression that the Devil takes a hand at cards with him of an evening. He finally shoots himself, and Bride finds out the secret of his madness, hitherto kept from her by her mother. Then heredity romps in, and has the whole of the book to play about in. Bride mustn't marry, and Strangeways wants her to, so she sets up a hospital and a settlement. She has a brother of the inferior type so indispensable to big, earnest women. He is very beautiful indeed, and writes very nice poetry, but with the moral insensibility of the male he decides to "chance it," and gets engaged to a remarkably pretty girl, neither big nor earnest. The author lets him run a little, then pulls him up, and turns him into a gibbering idiot, and Bride uses him as an object lesson.

Then comes a really natural touch. Strangeways is

reported to be killed in a boating accident. Bride's enthusiasm for posterity can't stand that. She quite turns against hereditary disease as a life interest and substitute for matrimony, and when Strangeways comes to life again she gets engaged to him, and resolves to keep an eye on her future offspring, end whip them if they gibber. But conscience is too strong both in her and the sublime Strangeways, and they finally agree to part for ever. Then the author is at a standstill for a moment. It evidently goes to her heart to let any one so big and beautiful as Bride become an old maid; also she foresees that Strangeways will certainly marry somebody else if she lets him live. So she valiantly risks the effect of the whole book by bringing down a lightning flash to slay Strangeways, and killing Bride the next moment with heart failure.

The suburbs will find the thing immensely impressive, and people who read books will suspend judgment.

"His Grace of the Gunne" (Black), by S. Hooper, is written with considerable spirit. It is the story of a young Paladin among thieves, the very Bayard of the gutter. Whether such a training could conceivably turn out such a youth is an impertinent question that shall not be asked, for we got distinct entertainment from reading "His Grace of the Gunne." Celia was hard-hearted to prefer her lawful lover to so seductive a young corsair. Police magistrates must have had a more interesting time of it in 1664—His Grace's period—than they do now.

"Poppy" (Nelson), by Mrs. Isla Sitwell, is a guileless story of the old school, not unlike the work of an intelligent girl of fourteen. Old Mr. Linwood has a nephew called Chris whom he thoroughly loves and trusts. Consequently, when old Mr. Linwood misses a bag of money, he at once concludes that Chris has taken it. Chris goes off in a fury; his sweetheart sends him a message of trust and consolation through one perfidious Lottie Allen. She never gives it, and Chris vanishes in despair, and has thrilling adventures. Of course the money is eventually found. So, unfortunately, is a new sweetheart for Chris. And Poppy loses her life in saving the perfidious Lottie Allen from a burning house. One knows the sort of thing from one's youth up. It will do admirably for a prize for needlework.

"The American Cousins" (Digby, Long), by Sarah Tytler, asks us to believe that the only daughter of a wealthy man, herself beautiful and refined, was shuddered at by a respectable county family because her father made bicycles. However, the family relents when its scion has actually married the terrible parvenue and an heir is expected. The scene where this latter fact entirely wins over the bride's mother-in-law is humorous and pretty. Much of the book is readable, without being obtrusively real.

"Where the Reeds Wave" (Bentley), by Anne Elliott, would be extremely effective but for the rather rigid insistence on the moral side of things everywhere suggested by the author. A French writer would have made stronger situations out of such a plot. There is power in the drawing of one character only—the mother who sees her child on the way to ruin and dares not interfere because of the sin in her own past. With that exception, the people who lived where the reeds wave are a familiar group of novelists' "properties"—heartless betrayer, refined village maiden, honourable lover and all complete.

"Wayfaring Men" (Longman's), by Edna Lyall, deals with the actor and actress as they appear to its author. There is nothing to be said for or against the book; it is entirely harmless and obviously well-intentioned.

"Baboo Jabberjee, B.A." (Dent), by F. Anstey, was read by most of us in "Punch." Probably few of us thought it Mr. Anstey at his best, though it is funny and faithful enough. With Mr. Bernard Partridge's delicious illustrations it makes a nice-looking little book.

"Saint Porth" (Milne), by J. Henry Harris, is a Cornish tale of remarkable picturesqueness. Village chronicles are being a trifle overdone just at present; but Cornish villagers have a touch of exotic colour and passion that helps their chronicles enormously. When the pretty girl of the story began to sit as the model of

the invariable young artist, we expected the usual tale of seduction. The runaway marriage and the tragic end came as a relief. Everything works out artistically. We are given no saints or villains. Dolly Pentreath is not the ordinary model of injured innocence, but a very human little girl, attracted by a "gentleman," and induced to throw over her sailor lover and become a "lady." The jilted one shows a very proper resentment, and is not too pathetic; and the gentleman-husband does not turn out the cur of cheap fiction, who never ceases taunting his bride with her origin, but a very decent young fellow. Altogether, the book is natural and touching, full of quaint pictures of a marvellously decorative people.

"Rich Enough" (Roberts, Boston), by Leigh Webster, is a jolly and wholesome little book for girls, something on the lines of "Little Women." It is, of course, very much more of a moral than an emotion; but there is plenty of fun, and some very bright dialogue. Like their cakes, the American goody-goody books are distinctly lighter than ours.

"By the Rise of the River" (Chatto), by Austin Clare, tells of the Tyne and Tynesiders, shrewd and sturdy folk, with not much sign of the heart on their sleeve, but deep feelings enough. The stories are excellently funny, some of them, and others as excellently pathetic. The author has much more than realised his ambition of becoming, in a modest and deprecatory manner, the Ian Maclaren of Tynedale; though whether he will ever become its Barrie he is wise to doubt.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN the present season the Easter recess does not come as the usual pleasant lull in the publishing world. It has been a case of "toujours perdrix" all through. A little activity, of the mildest order, would be a pleasant relief. But hope dies hard, and a sanguine mind may still look forward to a strong reaction after the holidays. Mr. John Murray has been elected President of the Publishers' Association, and is giving first place to the discount question, and everyone knows that that is the root of the whole evil.

The fame of Lord Byron has been considerably discredited by latter-day critics, yet the poet's works are to form a very large part of the year's publications. An interesting rivalry may be expected between the two sumptuous editions which are in preparation by Mr. John Murray and Mr. Heinemann. The former must necessarily take precedence, on account of the exclusive privileges which Mr. Murray possesses of verifying his texts from the successive proofs and revises which passed through Byron's own hands. Mr. Heinemann's series of twelve volumes relies more on the excellence of printer and binder, and on the annotations of Mr. W. E. Henley.

Mr. Edward Clodd has placed his new work on the philosophy of primitive folk-lore in the hands of the youngest publisher, Mr. Gerald Duckworth. In "Tom Tit Tot" the author has especially dealt with the Suffolk version of Grimm's well-known "Rumpelstiltskin," endeavouring to show that the main incident arises from a mixed superstition which has been the parent of many curious beliefs and customs.

There is a marked difference between the late Alphonse Daudet and M. Zola in their respective attitudes towards the younger generation of literary men. The former always showed a kindly interest in their efforts, while Zola invariably displays an utter lack of sympathy with the works of struggling aspirants who seek his patronage. It may be remembered that the hero of the "affaire Dreyfus" made some virulent attacks upon these younger men in a series of articles for the "Figaro," which were afterwards republished in the "Nouvelle Campagne."

Some time ago it was stated that Mr. Watts-Dunton intended to issue a novel which had been in type for a number of years. The author of "The Coming of Love" has now definitely decided to issue the volume. It treats chiefly of gipsy life, and is entitled "Aylwin."

The new volume by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet, consists of short stories, with the appropriate title "Ethiopian Muse." The tales deal with his own people, and are said to be an advance upon his previous work. The "dusky bard's" activity has also resulted in a novel, which is to be christened "The Uncalled." It will appear later in the year.

The editorial failures of Mr. Harry Furniss evidently have not damped his ardour. During the present month he is producing yet another sixpenny magazine, which has been happily named "Fair Game." It is to have a regular cartoon by the editor, and will include reflections on current topics and prominent men.

Mr. John Manson's translation of Victor Hugo's "Alps and Pyrenees" is to be published immediately by Messrs. Bliss, Sands. It will be remembered that this posthumous work was issued in France some years ago, and is an unfinished description of his journey, addressed in epistolary form to his wife. Parts of Mr. Swinburne's essay on the composition are included in the preface to the English version.

It is rumoured that Mr. Mackenzie Bell is threatening the book world with a memoir of Jean Ingelow, and is actually engaged in collecting material. Some natures flourish like the bay-tree amidst abuse; certainly the reception of his "Christina Rossetti" would have silenced most authors. But where is Mr. Bell going to stop? He may even attempt a biography of Eliza Cook!

Another pleasing re-issue is Messrs. Smith Elder's biographical edition of Thackeray's complete works. The author's daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, is contributing an introduction to each volume, the first, "Vanity Fair," containing a fresh portrait of Thackeray and a fac-simile letter, besides many other illustrations. It is to be followed by "Pendennis" and the "Yellow-plush Papers." The original manuscript and notebooks have been largely drawn upon for drawings, letters and materials that have not hitherto appeared.

Will the correspondent who wrote to us on the subject of our first literary note in the issue of 26 March kindly communicate his name and address?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Thomas Cranmer." By Arthur James Mason, D.D. London: Methuen.

TO hold the middle way between the extremes of praise and blame without falling into a merely apologetic strain is no easy position for the biographer of Cranmer. Such, however, has been Dr. Mason's aim in this contribution to the "Leaders of Religion" series. Cranmer undoubtedly has been a good deal misunderstood, and it is not surprising that historians have arrived at very diverse estimates of his character. By nature he would seem to have been eminently unfitted for the conspicuous part he was called upon to fill in times of unprecedented difficulty. Simple-minded, retiring, almost unambitious, he was the last man to court greatness, yet he had greatness thrust upon him, and in its most perilous form. His character offers at first sight the least promising of materials for the development of one of the strangely complex figures in history. Even now, as Dr. Mason observes, he is still what the late Lord Houghton called him, "the most mysterious figure of the age of the British Reformation." Writing in the light of modern historical research, Dr. Mason has observed a judicial course of judgment in his lucid and well-tempered book, and we think, on the whole, he is fairly successful in the endeavour to set Cranmer before the reader as "a living and intelligible figure." He is decidedly faithful to the excellent rule he has laid down in his preface. "Among historical figures," he remarks, "as among those of actual life, the fewest mistakes are made by him who, while exercising a just criticism, exercises it with a charitable resolve to put the best construction which facts will allow upon actions and motives." On one or two points, such as the action of Cranmer in the business of the divorce of Katherine of Arragon, Dr. Mason adopts a tone of apology that exhibits a little straining of the "charitable resolve" (p. 34); but altogether his portraiture impresses us as being vitally true.

"Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers." By Albert S. Cook, Professor of English Language and Literature in York University. London: Macmillan.

This "first instalment" of what Mr. Cook calls "a reasonably

complete collection of Biblical extracts" in old English prose texts is a somewhat novel undertaking, put forth in the interest of "the Biblical scholar, the professional student of English speech, and the person who desires to gain in the easiest possible manner a slight reading knowledge of old English prose." The works drawn upon in the present volume are Alford's translation of the "Cura Pastoralis" of Gregory, the "Lawst" of Alfred, Bede's "Ecclesiastical History," Englished by Alfred, and the "Homilies" of Ælfric, with the Vulgate text of the quotations at the foot of each page. The young student of early forms of English prose may doubtless find Mr. Cook's volume useful in various ways, especially in the comparative study of the variations shown in rendering the same passages by different translators. The compiler, in an introductory essay, deals with prose and metrical translations from Caedmon onwards to the tenth century. There is a full index of principal words and passages.

"Debateable Claims." By John Charles Turner. Westminster: Constable.

The essays on secondary education that compose this volume cover a wide field, and are marked by knowledge and discrimination, not to mention a certain individuality of treatment that is decidedly refreshing. Independence, indeed, might be expected of a writer who has gained much practical experience in teaching at public schools, and finds himself, as Mr. Turner does, free to bring forth fruits of experience in the fearless utterance of his mature convictions. Some of the essays are of a lighter texture than that on the proper field for an extension of secondary education—"The Debateable Land"—all four divisions of which are admirably suggestive, and calculated to exercise both the practical educationist and the theorist. "The Reformation and the Schools," for example, is a capital discourse, based upon Mr. F. Leach's remarkable little book, "English Schools and the Reformation." In "An Ideal Teacher," again, we have an extremely interesting sketch of the work of William Johnson at Eton, which will be found attractive by many who are not especially drawn to educational work. Altogether there is great variety in these essays, and the book will repay, we think, the attention of almost every description of reader.

"History of the Roman Breviary." By Pierre Batiffol, Litt.D. Translated by Atwell U. Y. Baylay, M.A. With a New Preface by the Author. London: Longmans.

Dr. Batiffol, in his preface to this *édition Anglaise* of his admirable "Histoire du Bréviaire romain," refers to the reception of his work by liturgical students—and never was success better deserved—and makes a graceful allusion to the work of his translator and commentator. It was a happy circumstance, he observes, that Mr. Baylay should translate his history last year, the memorable year when all Catholics celebrated the coming of St. Augustine into England, and the centenary also of the introduction into England of the liturgy of St. Peter. He records also Mr. Baylay's correction of errors that had crept into his first edition, and of some others that had escaped his observation. He is, indeed, fortunate in his translator. Mr. Baylay's version is excellent in all respects, and must awaken in English readers that love of "notre antique liturgie romaine" which the author desires to instil into his readers. For the benefit of these English readers Mr. Baylay has rendered into English the chief Latin passages cited by Dr. Batiffol. His additional notes are explicative or interpretative, and, in not a few instances, extremely valuable.

"The Records of the Burgery of Sheffield." By John Daniel Leader, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

Much antiquarian zeal has been expended on ancient corporation records, as many publications witness. The volume before us is "an attempt," said Mr. Leader, "to make accessible the annals of a non-corporate community." The Burgery, or Town Trust, of Sheffield dates from remote pre-corporate times in the history of that town, and represents an extremely old and interesting form of local government. "From the earliest times," says Mr. Leader, "the fathers and founders of the town had set apart portions of land for the public service." This property was administered by the people themselves acting together as the Burgery, "but without any formal charter of incorporation." No record exists of the administration of affairs by the Burgery in these "earliest times," the oldest book of accounts transcribed by Mr. Leader being dated 1566. But Sheffield possesses a document six centuries old, which is a venerable testimony to the antiquity of the Burgery. This is the agreement, known as Furnival's Charter, made between Lord Furnival and his free tenants, dated 1297, a facsimile of which is given by Mr. Leader. In what respect this early charter differs from a charter of incorporation Mr. Leader sets forth in his historical account of the Sheffield Burgery, together with other material comment. He has also supplied the account books with some useful notes.

"A Child's History of Ireland." By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. London: Longmans.

This little volume is in all ways a worthy companion or introduction to Dr. Joyce's admirable "Short History of Ire-

land." The style of narrative is easy and spirited, the method is simple and straightforward, and the treatment throughout shows an excellent sense of proportion. The last-named virtue is by no means common to all modern historians, and if it is more to be admired in one description than in another, it is in a history for children. "Easy to read" the book decidedly is, and the understanding of it is easily at the command of every intelligent child. The illustrations mostly well chosen, are an attractive feature of the book. The method of illustration is somewhat after that of the illustrated Green's "Short History of the English People," though, of necessity, on a much smaller scale. They are mainly from well-known authorities, such as Wilde's "Irish Antiquities," the works of Miss Margaret Stokes, Dr. Petrie's "The Book of Kells," Sir J. T. Gilbert's "Facsimile of Irish National Manuscripts," and the journals of various Irish Archæological Societies.

"The Reign of Queen Anne," by Margaret A. Rolleston (Philip), is a succinct and broadly treated little hand-book—a kind of "sign-post" Mr. Lyulph Stanley calls it in his introduction. In spite of Mr. Stanley's disdain of the "tactics that prevailed on a battle-field," we approve of Miss Rolleston's brief yet clear exposition of these matters in dealing with Marlborough's victories, and of the useful little maps that are appended. In her capital synoptical account of Augustan literature it is said of Shaftesbury that "he has been called the Ruskin of the Augustan Age." We should like to know the name of the originator of this supremely fatuous observation.

Mr. Henry Attwell has further pursued his selections from French maxim-makers with a pretty little volume—"Pansies from French Gardens" (George Allen)—of specimens in English from the *Pensées* of Pascal, the *Maximes* of La Rochefoucauld, the *Charactères* of La Bruyère, and the *Maximes* of Vauvenargues.

"The Age of Charlemagne," by Charles L. Wells, Ph.D. (Edinburgh: Clark), is contributed to the "Eras of the Christian Church" series, and exemplifies the drawbacks, rather than the advantages, incidental to the treatment of history in periods or "ages." The "age" of Charles the Great is by no means one that admits of very definite limits. To take it, as Mr. Wells does, as "lying between two dark centuries" is a little vague. No one century is absolutely dark, and this picturesque phrase is, after all, nothing more than a generalisation for purposes of contrast. Roughly speaking, the period dealt with by Mr. Wells comprises some two hundred years, and it is obvious that it might be stretched in one direction, or restricted in other directions, and still be plausibly entitled the "age" of Charlemagne. The vagueness of Mr. Wells's historical division of time is not lessened when he insists that the dates chosen by him "mark not only ecclesiastical, but political and intellectual divisions." Surely it was enough in an "Era of the Christian Church" that the ecclesiastical divisions were well defined. We do not say it is impossible to treat effectively in one volume so immense a historical period, but we cannot say we think Mr. Wells is altogether successful.

"Rhymes of Ironquill," Selected and Arranged by J. A. Hanmerton (Redway), introduces to English readers a new American poet, the Hon. Eugene F. Ware, of Topeka, Kansas, familiarly known in the United States as "Ironquill." Mr. W. D. Howells, who has discovered so much literary merit in his time, was "the first eminent critic" to hail the Kansas rhymist as "a poet of rare qualities." So we are informed by the friendly and conscientious editor. "Ironquill" is not, he thinks, to be placed in any category. Yet there are "elements of Bret Harte's" in his verse, and he has "the rhyming facility of our own George R. Sims," with something more intellectual than can be found in the "tinselled muse" of the English bard. After this odd conjunction of suggested qualities, we are surprised to find anything distinctively racy in the poet of Topeka. Nevertheless, there is much that is individual in "Ironquill," a certain quaintness of expression, a disdain of what is usually considered poetic diction, and an ingenuity in metrical matters that seems to be derived from Poe. The stanzas entitled "Ioline" certainly recall the author of "Ulalume."

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" opens with a lurid sketch of "Life and Death in the Niger Delta." "At Alaska," the writer says, "as in Lagos and the surf-beaten Gold Coast, salt, gin, and cloth are merely landed, and where the ultimate consumer dwells no white man knows. Up broad yellow rivers, fringed by stately palms or hemmed in by rotting swamps, the merchandise is carried in canoes; then on the heads of women slaves it traverses mighty forests of cotton woods and acacias, until the land of the precious gums and rolling plume-grass is reached. There the colour of the merchant fades from black to brown, and finally the Arab or Berber bears away the remnant into the unknown with his camel-trains." Mr. Walter B. Harris, describes the "Town of the Renegades: Agurai," a town some 150 miles south of Tangier, inhabited by Moslem descendants of Europeans who had been captured by Barbary pirates, or who had felt it advisable to find themselves in Morocco rather than in their native country. A writer on

the Irish question points out that the landlords have now a chance, perhaps their last chance, of securing their future, "by reasonably supporting a friendly government;" a writer on the "Chinese Imbroglia" points out nothing very particular; our interest, however, is to strengthen and support the Central Government, and push our commercial interests "in every available channel throughout the Chinese Dominions."

Mr. Robert L. Leighton makes a novel point in his note on "A Commercial Education" in "Macmillan's." Rivals, he agrees, are gaining on us because they are better educated; the fault, however, does not lie with our schools or scholars, but with heads of firms who are not guided in their choice by a boy's recorded diligence and ability at school. Writing and arithmetic are indispensable, but beyond that they take education to be at best only a device for killing time till the schoolboys are old enough for business. It is here that the mistake lies, and education, Mr. Leighton declares with considerable force, means Thucydides or anything else that requires, and develops, brains and the power of application. Mr. Whibley writes pleasantly of Pausanias and admiringly of his latest editor, Mr. Frazer. They are, on the whole, more entertaining subjects than the criminals Mr. Whibley has so long affected.

In his note, "An Unconscious Revolution," in the "Cornhill," Mr. Alfred Hopkinson says, "The opinion of the House of Commons is no doubt still a factor among many others which influence the Ministry in arriving at a decision, but it is no longer in practice the tribunal to whose judgment the Ministerial proposals are submitted for consideration and determination." Lord Castletown writes glowingly of Grattan, "Patriot and Imperialist," and Mr. Sidney Lee, with his customary dense stupidity, discusses Shakespeare's friendship with the Earl of Southampton, whom he identifies with the youth of the sonnets. Both in the "Cornhill" and "Longman's" there are articles on the art of letter-writing, and "Longman's" has a contribution from Mr. Austin Dobson telling of the celebrities—Gainsborough, Garrick, and many others—who were on intimate terms with the Angelos, father and son, masters of fencing in Soho Square. The writer of the "Cornhill" article concerning correspondence (E. V. Lucas) offers the following extract from a child's description of the "Zoo": "I know you will like to hear about the giraffe at the Zoo. It stands quite still. Its front legs are longer than its back legs. Its head is right up in the roof. It has spots all over. While it stands still it munches all the time and cries. It has big eyes, all wet, and great tears roll down its cheeks. They are the sort of tears that come when you eat too much mustard. Milly says he is thinking of his home, but I don't believe it. They don't look like sorry tears. All the while he is munching, and every now and then he stops, and his cheeks go in suddenly as if you had punckchured them, and he seems to be looking miles away, and then you see a lump sliding down inside his neck. But in a minute or two he works a sort of spring inside, and the lump comes climbing up his neck again into his mouth, and his cheeks fill out again directly, and he begins his chewing once more. I think the giraffe is splendid fun to watch." It is such correspondence as this that gives to the excellent magazine, "St. Nicholas," one of its greatest charms. "Temple Bar" has a very appreciative little sketch of Sydney Smith, in which the writer is at some pains to point out the wit's many fine qualities.

Mr. Henry Edward Rood and Mr. Jay Hambidge combine together in the "Century" to draw an amazing picture of the polyglot community—Italians, Polacks, Huns—in a Pennsylvanian colliery village. Mrs. Stevenson finishes her story of French intervention in Mexico, with an account of Maximilian's execution.

(For This Week's Books see page 506.)

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from MESSRS. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at MESSRS. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE TERMINUS, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

AMERICA.

Copies are on Sale at the INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY'S OFFICES, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, MESSRS. DAMRELL & UPHAM'S, 283 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and at THE HAROLD WILSON CO., Toronto, Canada.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

LITERATURE.

Hafiz, Versions from (Walter Leaf). Grant Richards. 5s.
Horace, The Epodes of (A. S. Way). Macmillan. 2s.
Horace, The Odes of (A. D. Godley). Methuen. 2s.

VERSE.

Lowden Sabbath Morn, A (R. L. Stevenson). Chatto & Windus. 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Henry of Guise, and other Portraits (H. G. MacDowall). Macmillan. 8s. 6d.
Life of Father Dominic, The (Rev. P. Devine). Washbourne.

THEOLOGY.

Divine Immanence (J. R. Illingworth). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
Pilate's Gift, and other Sermons (G. A. Chadwick). Religious Tract Society. 5s.
Service of the Mass in the Greek and Roman Churches, The (C. H. H. Wright). Religious Tract Society. 1s.

SCIENCE.

Observations, Notes on (Sydney Lupton). Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
Physics, An Elementary Course of (edited by J. C. P. Aldous). Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

SPORT.

Salmon, The (Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy). Longmans. 5s.

TRAVEL.

Vers Athènes et Jérusalem (G. Larroumet). Hachette.
Wealth and Wild Cats (R. Radclyffe). Downey. 1s.
Yukon Territory, The. Downey. 21s.

EDUCATION.

Captives and Trinumus of Plautus, The (E. P. Morris). Ginn. 5s. 6d.
Egyptian (C. A. Thimm). Marlborough. 2s.

FICTION.

Between Two Wives (W. Turville). Sonnenschein. 6s.
Bill of Sale, His Little (Ellis J. Davis). Long. 3s. 6d.
Bishop's Dilemma, The (Ella D'Arcy). Lane.
Bondage Without Fetters, A (Clara Lemore). Stevens.
Bulbs and Blossoms (Amy Le Feuvre). Religious Tract Society. 1s. 6d.
Cross Trails (Victor Waite). Methuen.
Fighting for Favour (W. G. Tarbet). Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.
Fighting the Matabele (J. Chalmers). Blackie. 3s. 6d.
For Liberty (Hume Nisbet). White. 3s. 6d.
Jacqueline Vanesse (V. Chertuliez). Hachette.
King Circumstance (Edwin Pugh). Heinemann.
Lake of Wine, The (Bernard Capes). Heinemann.
Lutes and Rifts (Louise Sahn). Elliot Stock. 5s.
Mistress Bridget (E. Yolland). White. 6s.
Nauch Girl, The Romance of a (Mrs. F. Penny). Sonnenschein. 6s.
Pelican House, E.C. (B. B. West). Unwin. 6s.
Point of View, A (Caroline Fothergill). Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d.
Potentate, The (Frances Forbes-Robertson). Constable.
Promised Land, In the (Mary Anderson). Downey. 6s.
Studies in Brown Humanity (H. Clifford). Grant Richards. 6s.
Twofold Sin, A (M. Brazier). Digby, Long. 2s. 6d.
Unconsidered Trifles (G. Dalziel). Stock.
Woman in Grey, A (C. N. Williamson). Routledge. 6s.
Year's Exile, A (G. Bourne). Lane. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Atlantic, The (April).
Cassier's Magazine (April).
Cosmopolis (April). 2s. 6d.
Formation and the Distribution of Riches, The (Turgot). Macmillan. 3s.
Geographical Journal, The (April).
How to Fix Sterling Exchange (A. M. Lindsay). Thacker.
Jesuit Relations, The (edited by R. G. Thwaites). Elliot Stock.
Ladies' Kennel Journal (March). 1s.
Lippincott's Magazine (April).
Ludgate, The (April).
Museums, Essays on (Sir W. H. Flower). Macmillan. 12s.
Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène (Betzy Balcombe). Plon, Nourrit.
Queen's Empire, The. Cassell.
Report of the Royal Commission on Vaccination, The (J. C. McVail). King.
Victorian, The (April).
Windsor Magazine, The (April). Ward, Lock.

REPRINTS.

Beauchamp's Career (G. Meredith). Constable. 6s.
King Solomon's Mines (H. Rider Haggard). Cassell. 6d.
Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, A (W. Law). Dent. 1s. 6d.

HOMELESS BOYS OF LONDON.

FUNDS are greatly NEEDED to meet the current expenses of the Training Ships *Arcturion* and *Chickadee*, and the seven homes on shore, under the management of the Committee of the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children. Founded by the late William Williams, Esq., in 1843. Nearly 2000 boys and girls are now being supported in these ships and homes.

An urgent appeal is made to raise funds. Will each reader of this appeal who believes in saving the children and sympathises with the work done for their benefit in these ships and homes, kindly send a contribution for the support of the children? Contributions are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the London and Westminster Bank, 214, High Holborn, W.C., and by

H. BRISTOW WALLEN, Secretary.

HENRY G. COPELAND, Finance and Deputation Secretary.

London Home and Offices: 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

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RADLEY COLLEGE.—TEN Scholarships and Exhibitions, varying from £80 to £200 in value, will be offered for Competition on WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.

One Scholarship and One Exhibition will be offered in the first instance for Boys intended for the ARMY CLASS.

Apply to the WARDEN, RADLEY COLLEGE, ABINGDON.

CHELTHENHAM COLLEGE.—The Annual Examination for Scholarships will be held on 7, 8, and 9 June. Ten Open Scholarships, at least, of value ranging between £80 and £200 per annum, will be awarded; also one Scholarship of £35 per annum, tenable for three years, for sons of Old Cheltonians only. Also Scholarships confined to Candidates for Army and Navy Examinations. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under 15. —Apply to the Bursar, The College, Cheltenham.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE SUMMER SESSION will begin on 2 MAY, 1898, and Students then entering will be eligible to compete for Entrance Scholarships of the combined value of £420 in the following September, as well as for the numerous medals, scholarships, and prizes awarded during the period of studentship. The Hospital contains accommodation for 695 beds, and arrangements are being made as rapidly as possible to place the entire number at the service of the sick poor, by reopening the Wards that have been closed for want of funds for the last fifteen years.

The Appointments tenable by Students have recently been increased by more than 150 a year, chiefly by the addition of Clerkships and Dresserships in the Departments of Ophthalmology, Gynecology, and Otiology.

To augment the teaching of special subjects, Registrars and Tutors have been appointed in the Ophthalmic and Obstetric Departments.

All hospital appointments are open to students without charge, and the holders of resident appointments are provided with board and lodging.

The College accommodates sixty students, under the supervision of a Resident Warden.

The Dental School provides the full curriculum required for the L.D.S. England. The Clubs Union Athletic Ground is easily accessible.

A handbook of information for those about to enter the Medical Profession will be forwarded on application.

For the Prospectus of the School, containing full particulars as to fees, course of study advised, regulations for residents in the College, &c., apply personally or by letter to the Dean, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

The SUMMER SESSION will begin on May 2nd, 1898.

Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the collegiate regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and prizes of the aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

The Medical School contains large Lecture Rooms and well-appointed Laboratories for Practical Teaching, as well as Dissecting Rooms, Museum, Library, &c.

A large Recreation Ground has recently been purchased.

For further particulars apply personally, or by letter, to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholemew's Hospital, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, PADDINGTON, W.

The SUMMER SESSION begins on May 2nd.

There are Sixteen Residential Appointments in the Hospital open to students without expense. The School provides complete preparation for the higher Examinations and Degrees of the Universities. Special attention is directed to the fact that the authorities of the Medical School have for the first time thrown open all the special classes for the higher examinations free to students. There are complete Courses of Special Tuition for the Intermediate and Final M.B. Examinations of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London. The Residential College is at present at 33 and 35, Westbourne Terrace, W. Terms may be had on application to the Warden, Mr. H. S. COLLIER.

NEW OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT.

The New Out-Patients' Department, which covers an area of over 20,000 superficial square feet, is just finished. It occupies the entire ground floor of the new Clarence Wing, which, when completed, will also provide additional wards, and a Residential College for Medical Officers and Students.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL.

A fresh Laboratory, fitted with electric light, and all modern improvements, for the study of Biology, Pathology, and Bacteriology, has been added.

The whole of the buildings, hitherto used for the Out-Patients' department of the hospital have been apportioned to the Medical School for purposes of new Laboratories, Class Rooms, and a new Museum. A complete reorganization of the Pathological Department has lately been made with provision of extensive new Laboratories for Pathology and Bacteriology, and an improved Museum for Pathological specimens, with a special Anatomical Department.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS IN NATURAL SCIENCE.

One of £144, two of £78 15s., one of £52 10s., two of £57 15s. (these two open to students from Oxford and Cambridge), will be awarded by examination on September 21st and 22nd. For Prospectus apply to Mr. F. H. MADDEN, School Secretary.

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A. P. LUFF, M.D., Sub Dean.

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Organisers: Mrs. MARLAND-BRODIE, Miss BARRY.

Treasurer: Mrs. MONCK.

Membership of the League consists in paying an annual subscription to the funds of the Society. These funds are applied to office expenses and the promotion of organization among women, to watching Legislation, and to social work.

OBJECTS.

A. ORGANIZATION. On invitation from affiliated Societies or Trades Councils, the League sends Organizers to any London or provincial district to form new, or strengthen existing, Trades Unions.

B. LEGISLATION. The League has a membership of over 20,000 women Trade-Unionists, and acts as their agent in making representations to Government authorities or Parliamentary Committees with regard to their legislative requirements. Complaints as to grievances and breaches of Factory and Public Health Legislation are investigated by the League, and referred to the proper quarters, over 100 having been dealt with last year in this way.

C. SOCIAL WORK. The League arranges entertainments and forms clubs among working women. The Paterson Working Girls Club meets weekly at the League Offices, which are also a house of call for women for purposes of inquiry, complaint, and information.

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is responsible for an alarming increase in the death rate, and, although it is always advisable to "keep your strength up," it is doubly so in the presence of a frequently fatal epidemic.

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ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SOCIETY.

I. "Dreadnought" Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, S.E. 235 Beds.

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III. Dispensary for Seamen, 51 East India Dock Road, E.

IV. Dispensary for Seamen, Gravesend.

Captains arriving in the Port of London with urgent cases on board should telegraph to the "DREADNOUGHT" HOSPITAL, GREENWICH, stating where the vessel is lying, and an Ambulance will be immediately despatched to remove the patient to one of the Society's Hospitals.

All entirely FREE to Sick Seamen of every nation. No Admission Ticket or Letter of Recommendation or Voting of any kind required.

SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The Society is empowered by its Act of Parliament to take and hold Real Estate.

P. MICHELLI, Secretary.

— THE —
VAN RYN WEST MINING COMPANY, Ltd.
 IN LIQUIDATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Certificates for whole Shares in the Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited, and the provisional Fractional Certificates for tenths of a share are now ready for distribution to Shareholders of the above Company, on the basis of one share in the Van Ryn Gold Mines Estate, Limited, for every two shares held in the above Company.

These Shares and Fractional Certificates can now be obtained at the Office of the Company upon surrender by Shareholders of Share Certificates in the Van Ryn West Mining Company, Limited.

STUART JAMES HOGG, Liquidator.

18 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.
 19th March, 1898.

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

RESULTS FOR FEBRUARY.

Copy of Cablegram received from Head Office, Johannesburg:

Number of Stamps working	160
Number of days working 160 Stamps	24 days.
Tons crushed by 160 Stamps	19,000
Yield in smelted Gold, from Mill	5242 ozs
Tons of Sands and Concentrates treated by Cyanide Works	16,670
Yield in smelted Gold from Sands and Concentrates	4887 "
Tons of Slimes treated	3500
Yield in smelted Gold from Slimes Works	179 "
Total	10,248 "

Estimated profit for month £9000

NOTE.—The following explanations are included in the Cablegram:—
 Slimes Works, partial clean up only.
 Total yield, eight-tenths pennyweights per ton below January, in consequence of machine drills exclusively used for stopping (on account of the scarcity of black labour) and a slight falling off in grade from some stops.
 Cost of working is *ss. 4d.* per ton higher, on account of the large amount of development, and stopping drills exclusively.
 The cause of the decrease is only temporary. At the deepest working points mine opening out most satisfactorily. Indications higher yield this month.

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
 8 March, 1898.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of January, 1898.

MINE.	
Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes	338 feet.
Ore developed	7391 tons.
Ore and waste mined	9935 tons
Less waste sorted out	3153 "
Balance milled	6102 tons.
MILL.	
Stamps	40
Running time	29 days, 21 hrs., 11 mins.
Tons crushed	6102 tons.
Smelted gold bullion	5161.6 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	4452.039 "
CYANIDES AND SLIMES WORKS.	
Yield in smelted gold bullion	2875 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	2443.75 "
TOTAL YIELD.	
Yield in fine gold from all sources	6895.78 ozs.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	22.601 dwts

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 6102 Tons Milled.	
Mining	£3,810 6 11
Sorting and Crushing	664 2 4
Milling	1,178 11 4
Cyaniding	1,096 7 8
Slimes	408 6 0
H. O. Expenses	148 17 0
Exchange to London on Transfer of No. 2 Dividend	£7,306 11 3
Development Redemption on 6,102 tons at 7s.	892 3 0
	2,135 14 0
Profit for Month	£10,134 8 3
	18,430 7 8
	£28,564 15 11
By MILL GOLD:	
4,452.039 ozs. fine gold at 83/6 ..	£18,587 5 3
By CYANIDE GOLD:	
2,443.75 ozs. fine gold sold for...	9,977 10 8
	£28,564 15 11

GENERAL EXPENSES.

The Capital Expenditure for the Month of January is as follows:

Development	£1,479 1 6
Shaft	350 0 11
Buildings	207 15 1
Machinery and Plant	380 8 5
	£2,363 5 11

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., LIMITED,
 JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.
 CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

Directorate:

W. H. ROGERS, Chairman.

R. O. GODFRAY LYS, Managing Director. A. GOKER (Alternate, H. Strakosch.)
 (Alternate, C. L. Redwood.) C. D. RUDD " Major H. L. Sapte.
 J. W. S. LANGERMAN (Alternate, N. J. C. S. GOLDMANN
 F. ROBINOW. Scholtz.) (Alternate, J. G. Hamilton.

London Committee:

CHAS. RUBE. S. NEUMANN.
 JOHN ELLIOTT. E. DUVAL.

Secretary: H. R. NETHERSOLE. London Secretary: A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.
 LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for February, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £19,536 16s. 6d.:-

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 13,192 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.		Cost.
To Mining Expenses	£10,972 12 0	
" Transport	208 10 9	
" Milling	2,840 19 3	
" Cyanide	1,592 8 1	
" General Charges	2,385 14 8	
" Balance Profit	£17,000 4 9	
	19,536 16 6	
	£36,537 1 1	

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts—		Value.
5,797.931 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£24,430 13 7	
2,476.806 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	10,435 19 5	
88.442 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	368 16 2	
" Slag and by products sold	1,307 12 1	
8,369.179 ozs.	£36,537 1 1	
The Tonnage mined for month was 16,300 tons, cost	10,972 12 0	
Less quantity added to stock	1 6 11	
	16,298 "	
Less waste rock sorted out	3,106 "	
Milled Tonnage	13,192 "	
	£10,972 12 0	

The declared output was 10,331.90 ozs. bullion = 8,369.179 ozs. fine gold.
 And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—12 dwts. 16.300 grs.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:—

7TH LEVEL—		ft.
Driving on South Reef, East and West	49	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	35	
Sinking Winzes	25	
8TH LEVEL—		
Driving on South Reef, East and West	124	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	70	
Sinking Winzes	43	
9TH LEVEL—		
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	23	
Sinking Winzes	91	
	460	

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 18,344 tons.
 During the month 3,106 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 23 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 19.059 per cent. of the total rock handled.

The 88.442 ounces shown above as gold recovered from the Slimes Work was derived from the bottom of the lead melting furnace.

At the commencement of February it was found that the mill shafting had got a little out of position, and it was deemed necessary on the 1st inst. (cleaning-up day) to put this right. This work took some considerable time and occasioned a total stoppage of the mill of 81 hours, which, together with the shortness of the month, accounts for the short tonnage crushed. The shafting is now in its right position, and the battery is again running smoothly.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, 9 March, 1898.

BALMORAL MAIN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the TRANSFER BOOKS of this Company will be CLOSED from the 1st to 9th APRIL, 1898, both dates inclusive, for the purpose of balancing the Share Registers.

By Order, JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED, London Agents.

T. HONEY, Secretary.

10 and 11 Austinfriars, London, E.C.

23 March, 1898.

— THE —
VAN RYN GOLD MINES ESTATE, Ltd.
 NOTICE.

New Issue of Shares, 5 January, 1898.

SHAREHOLDERS and Holders of Allotment Letters and Banker's Receipts are requested to send them in either to the Head Office of the Company, 18 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C., or to the Paris Agents, The Oceana Consolidated Company, Limited, 19 Rue Lafayette, Paris, to be exchanged for fully paid Certificates.

STUART JAMES HOGG, Secretary.

2 April, 1898.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, W.C., and Published by FREDERIC WINNEY SABIN, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 9 April, 1898.